

The Mercury. PUBLISHED BY THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO. JOHN P. SANBORN, Editors. A. H. SANBORN, Mercury Building, 101 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I. Established June, 1766, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-third year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, with the exception of the Boston Herald, which was founded in 1789. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns, filled with interesting reading-matter, local, national and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Teaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men. Terms: \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication. Specimen copies sent free, and special terms given advertisers by addressing

Local Matters.

WOMEN VOTERS

The board of canvassers and registration certainly have their hands full in preparing the voting lists for the fall elections. Complications arise every day, the status of the federal amendment still being in some doubt because of the legal proceedings in Tennessee. When the present board was created, it seemed that women would have the right to vote for President and Vice President only, but now at times the board thinks that the women can vote for everything that men can, and then again a doubt arises as to their legal standing.

If the federal amendment is effective, more women will be entitled to vote than have registered. Every woman who is assessed for real estate is entitled to have her name go on the list regardless of whether she registered last June or not. This may be the means of making more women's names on the lists. Those who are assessed for personal property only, or who are not assessed at all, can vote only if they registered previous to the first day of July last.

It appears now that there will be about 7000 male voters on the lists in Newport this year and nearly 4000 women voters. The first and fifth wards will remain as heretofore, but the second, third and fourth wards have been divided into two voting districts in order to avoid the congestion that would otherwise ensue.

All the members of the board are putting in practically their whole time to hasten the preparation of the voting lists, which must be posted in accordance with law by the first of October.

A GREAT BALL GAME

That was a great ball game last Saturday at Freebody Park between the City Officials, headed by Mayor Mahoney, and members of the Summer Colony, headed by Gov. Beecman. The City Officials won by a score of 11 to 8, but there was fun galore throughout the game. The grounds were packed with spectators. And the enthusiasm of the players was unbounded. Rear Admiral Ashley H. Robertson acted as umpire, aided by Mrs. Vincent Astor, both of whom proved themselves fully equal to the task. Their decisions were never disputed. A goodly sum was realized for the aid of the Maternity Fund of the Newport Hospital and the Maternity Center of New York.

The directors of the Chamber of Commerce held their monthly meeting on Tuesday evening and discussed a number of matters of interest to the community. The hotel committee presented its report on the conference with hotel men, and two local manufacturing enterprises were endorsed.

The Park Commission has received a claim from a Newport man for damages for injuries alleged to have been received as the result of a fall from the steps of the band stand at Touro park last month. The matter has been referred to a committee for investigation.

Mr. Sanford T. Gladding, formerly of this city, is seriously ill in New York. He is a son of the late Thomas Gladding and a brother of the late Sydney G. Gladding of Newport.

Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Rice are off on a long motor trip of some ten days or two weeks. Meanwhile they will make an extensive tour through New England and Canada.

September is here. Only a little over three months until Christmas.

THE ANNUAL HORSE SHOW

The Annual Horse Show opened at the Casino on Thursday and will continue until tonight. The attendance has been very large each day. The summer colony has been out in full force and there has been a large representation from the Army and Navy contingent. There was a handsome array of gowns worn by the women, one of the most striking being of royal purple, with a hat to match, worn by Mrs. Williams P. Burden, who was accompanied by her sons and Mr. Burden. Most of the women, however, selected lighter colors, and many had light furs, which were not out of place, as there was a cool breeze blowing.

The diplomatic corps representatives were well represented among those present. Baroness Romano, wife of the Italian Ambassador, had a number of guests with her, including Capt. Francesca Guardabassi. Prince Radziwill of the Polish Legation, with Princess Radziwill, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. C. Taylor in their box, and Capt. Vivaleri, naval attache of the Italian Embassy, was also present.

Following his usual custom on the first evening of the Newport horse show, Reginald C. Vanderbilt, one of the executive committee of the show, gave a dinner night for the members of the committee, the judges and other officials. The dinner was given at Mr. Vanderbilt's Sandy Point farm in Portsmouth. An orchestra played during the evening and there was a troupe of entertainers for the guests.

The Newport Hospital will reap a handsome sum from this show, as the net proceeds are to go for the benefit of this excellent institution.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN

Because of the dinner of the Young Men's Republican Club on Thursday evening, the weekly meeting of the board of aldermen was held on Wednesday evening. It had been expected that there would be a full hearing on the street railway and jitney question, but Manager Gosling of the Newport County Electric Company said that he had been unable to frame the proposed ordinance regulating the jitneys, and asked that the matter be referred to a committee. Aldermen Thompson, Hughes and Williams were appointed as the committee. A number of jitney men were present to protest against any restriction of their business, and a number of civilian employees of the Training Station had signed a protest against the elimination of the jitney. The committee will probably hold public hearings and go into the matter very thoroughly.

The other business was mostly routine. Freeborn Coggeshall, superintendent of hacks, reported a hackney driver who, because of physical incapacity, should have his license revoked. The license was suspended and a hearing ordered.

"CASTLEWOOD" TO HANAN SONS

By the will of John H. Hanan, who died in New York a short time ago, the Newport property, "Castlewood," on Girard avenue, becomes a part of the estate which will be divided equally between two sons by a former marriage—Messrs. Addison B. and Herbert W. Hanan. All the property was left to his wife, but to revert to his sons after her death. Mrs. Hanan died last January, and as the will had not been changed, the property now goes to the sons.

The Newport property was formerly owned by Mrs. Bruguere of New York and San Francisco, and has changed hands several times. It is a beautiful estate, located near Miantonomi hill, and commands a view of the bay for many miles. It is not known as yet whether either of the sons will occupy the property or whether it will be placed on the market again.

Two sailors were brought back from Portland, Maine, this week by Chief Tobin and were later bound over to await the action of the October grand jury on charges of taking an automobile without the consent of the owner. They were apprehended in Portland while attempting to sell the car and were held by the police there. Chief Tobin went over the road in his own car and brought the men back, but the party was pretty well tired out when it reached Newport on the return journey.

The elevation plans for the new Sheffield school have been approved by the aldermanic committee, and Architect Weaver is now working on the plans and specifications, and it is hoped that bids may be called for within a short time. It is hoped to have the work well advanced by the time winter sets in.

BUILDINGS ARE HALTED

The various buildings on the Central street site are now on their way to the new locations, and the whole site will probably be cleared within a short time. It will take some time to get all the buildings through the streets and settled on their new foundations. Two movers are on the job, one a local firm and the other from out of town. As two of the buildings have been cut in half for the purpose of moving, it will be some time before the streets are again clear for traffic.

The progress of the Central street houses came to a sudden halt on Thursday when a temporary injunction from Judge Blodgett of the Superior Court was served on the owners and movers. Messrs. Sheffield and Harvey, representing Elizabeth H. J. Robinson, Clara L. Tuckerman, and the trustees of the Von Zedwitz estate, secured a restraining order from Judge Blodgett pending a hearing before the court in Providence Friday morning. The petitioners claim that they are owners of trees of much beauty and value which will not permit the passage of the house; and they ask a perpetual injunction against moving the house past their property or cutting or injuring the trees in any way. The injunction applies to William S. Rogers, owner of the Kimball house, and his moving contractor.

The serving of the papers stopped all work for a time, as the Kimball house was leading the first part of the Pike house up Mann avenue. Later the progress of the Kimball house was continued as far as Kay street, the injunction not applying to Mann avenue. The Pike house then continued to advance for a time also.

There has been considerable complaint among owners of property on some of the streets through which the buildings would pass at granting the permits for their moving, but this is the first legal step that has been taken.

SONS OF THE REVOLUTION

The anniversary of the Battle of Rhode Island coming on Sunday, August 29, the annual meeting of the Rhode Island Society, Sons of the Revolution, which is usually held on that day, took place on Monday night, August 30th, when the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year:

- President—Howard G. Ward.
- First Vice President—George H. Bryant.
- Second Vice President—William R. Harvey.
- Secretary—Henry C. Wilkinson.
- Treasurer—Alvan H. Sanborn.
- Registrar—Dr. Edwin P. Robinson.
- Historian—Rev. William Safford Jones.
- Chaplain—Rev. Stanley C. Hughes.
- Surgeon—Dr. William A. Sherman.
- Marshal—Frank P. King.
- Board of Managers—Joseph G. Stevens, 2d, Edward A. Sherman, Frederick P. Garretson, Asa B. Kennan, Arthur J. Ober, and the officers.
- Delegates to General Convention of the Society—Howard G. Ward, Henry G. Wilkinson, Francis L. Greene.
- Alternates—Rev. William Safford Jones, Dr. Edwin P. Robinson, Asa B. Kennan.

The society voted to contribute to the Valley Forge Fund for the Day Memorial.

MR. BRODSKY RESIGNS

Rev. David Brodsky has resigned as Rabbi of the Congregation Jeshuat Israel to accept a call to become Cantor of the Congregation Beth-el in Dorchester, Mass. He will take over his new duties immediately.

Rabbi Brodsky has been in Newport for several years and has made many friends here. He has appeared in a number of public entertainments as a soloist, having a baritone voice of rare charm. He has been much sought after by music lovers, and will be greatly missed by his friends in Newport.

Next Monday will be Labor Day and will be observed as a general holiday in this city, although there is no particular programme for observance on the part of the labor unions. As it is the last holiday of the summer season, it ought to bring a large crowd of visitors to Newport on both Sunday and Monday, if the weather will kindly consent to be favorable. After Monday, Newport will begin to withdraw into winter quarters, although there will be several weeks of the fine autumn weather yet to be enjoyed by those who are able to remain here.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Cottrell Jennings, who were married in New York on Tuesday, are spending a few days with Mr. Jennings' aunts, the Misses Cottrell, on Pelham street, before proceeding to Arizona, where Mr. Jennings is employed on an engineering project. Mrs. Jennings was formerly Miss Dorothy Frost of Springfield, Mass.

MRS. FRENCH E. CHADWICK

Mrs. French Ensor Chadwick, widow of Admiral Chadwick, died at her home on Oakwood terrace on Thursday, after a short illness. Although she has not been in good health since the death of her husband, some two years ago, her condition had not been regarded as critical until a short time before her death. She had been away from Newport, visiting relatives, for several months, and had opened her Newport home, "Twin Oaks," only a few weeks ago. Her death came as a great shock to her many friends.

Mrs. Chadwick was Miss Cornelia Jones Miller, and was born in Utica, N. Y., on November 20, 1856. She received a splendid education, studying abroad for a time, and was a woman of brilliant intellect. She was married on November 20, 1878, and had been a devoted companion to her husband.

Mrs. Chadwick was an indefatigable worker, and was a member of many committees and organizations in the United States and abroad. She had been presented at the German Court and had been decorated by the French Government. She was deeply interested in Newport and was active in whatever work might result in the betterment of the city.

Her love for humanity and her desire to prevent suffering had led her to invent and perfect the Chadwick carrier-stretcher, designed to afford greater comfort to injured or wounded men while being removed for treatment. This device saw service on the European battlefields.

Rev. Stanley C. Hughes conducted a funeral service at the residence on Thursday afternoon, and the remains were taken to Morgantown, West

JOHN B. ALLEN

Mr. John B. Allen, one of the veteran business men of Newport and one of our oldest citizens, died at his home on Sherman street on Monday. He had been in failing health for some time, due to his advanced years, and his death was not unexpected. He was in his eighty-seventh year.

Mr. Allen was born in Newport on August 1, 1834, and learned the painter's trade as a young man. He was at various times engaged in business for himself, and with others as partners, but had retired from active business several years before his death, the business being carried on by his son, Mr. John A. Allen.

Mr. Allen was a charter member of Excelsior Lodge of Odd Fellows, having been a member of Rhode Island Lodge at the time the new lodge was formed. He served as treasurer of Excelsior Lodge for many years, and had also been Chief Patriarch of Aquidneck Encampment of the order. He was well known and was highly esteemed.

He is survived by a son, Mr. John A. Allen, and two daughters, Mrs. William H. Boone and Mrs. Thomas D. Worrall. He also leaves a brother, Mr. William Allen, who is conceded to be the oldest active business man in Newport.

COL. HARRY CUTLER

The sudden death of Col. Harry Cutler of Providence in London last Saturday is a loss to the State and to the Jewish denomination throughout the world. Col. Cutler was born in Russia. He came to this country after his father had been murdered by the nihilists in his native land. By his indomitable energy he built up a thriving jewelry business in Providence. He was well and favorably known to the jewelry trade all over the country. Since about the beginning of the World War he had been prominent and active in the Jewish relief work, devoting nearly all his time and energy to aiding the cause both in this country and in Europe. Some years ago he was a member of the General Assembly of Providence. He was a member of the Perry Centennial Commission of Rhode Island and had been from the beginning the Auditor General of the Inter State Board that has charge of the monument to Commodore Perry on Lake Erie.

Work has already been begun by the new lessees in remodeling the Lafayette theatre to better fit it for theatrical purposes. The most important feature will be to establish a sloping floor, as the flat floor has long been a handicap to this establishment. A costly pipe organ will be installed, and the syndicate proposes to show the finest class of moving pictures in this theatre.

Dr. and Mrs. John A. Young and their children are enjoying a motor trip for two weeks.

Scallops and oysters are now in the market.

REPUBLICAN CLUB DINNER

The annual dinner of the Young Men's Republican Club was held at Newport Beach on Thursday evening and was well attended; there being many women voters present to hear the issues of the campaign set forth. The Women's Republican Club was represented among the speakers by its vice president, Mrs. Edward A. Sherman, and the new voters are taking much interest in their new duties and privileges.

The dining hall was very attractively decorated and presented a delightful appearance when the diners entered the hall. A large corps of ushers saw that all were seated and after the Divine blessing had been invoked by Rev. Mr. Ferling, full attention was given to the excellent turkey dinner that was provided.

After the dinner, President James W. Thompson spoke briefly and presented Governor R. Livingston Beecman as toastmaster, introducing the Governor as the next Secretary of the Navy. This announcement drew prolonged applause, and all stood in honor of the Governor. He told of his recent visit to Senator Harding and of his greetings to the Club and to Rhode Island. He urged unity in support of the Republican ticket this fall.

Mrs. Edward A. Sherman, vice president of the Women's Republican Club, was then introduced, and gave a brief address, thanking the members of the Club for their assistance to the women and promising the support of the Women's Republican Club for the Republican candidates.

Congressman Clark Burdick told of the possibilities of Narragansett Bay under a Republican administration, showing how Daniels had diverted all naval development from the Bay and toward the South. Colonel H. Anthony Dyer spoke in his usual forceful manner, urging the election of Harding and Coolidge and the relegation of Cox and his gang to the background.

The last speaker was Congressman Foss of Illinois, who proved to be an eloquent speaker, explaining at considerable length the specific issues of the national campaign, of which he had an excellent understanding. He told of the tariff issues, the Democratic extravagance, the League of Nations and Americanism.

HELD FOR GRAND JURY

There was a hearing before United States Commissioner Moore on Thursday in the case against Everett S. Gresson, charged with embezzling funds from the National Exchange Bank to the amount of \$15,000. Defendant was represented by Mr. F. P. Nolan, as counsel, and the witnesses for the prosecution were cross-examined at considerable length. No witnesses were put on for the defense and there was no argument. At the conclusion of the hearing, Commissioner Moore adjudged the defendant probably guilty and held him in \$18,000 to await the action of the Federal grand jury. Bail was furnished by Mr. Henry J. Jones.

The sensational murder of Dr. C. Franklin Mohr has been brought to mind again by the death in the State penitentiary of Henry Spellman, one of the two negroes who had been found guilty of the murder. Spellman had been in confinement for several years awaiting sentence for the crime. Dr. Mohr was murdered while on his way to his Newport home from his office in Providence by automobile, and the case proved to be highly sensational.

The fares on all zones of the Newport County Electric Railway are now ten cents, the increase having gone into effect on Wednesday. This is more than it sounds, for while the cash fares were eight cents previous to the raise, it was possible to buy tickets good for 16 rides for a dollar. These tickets have now been called in and the remaining rides have been redeemed at their face value.

The Congregation Ahavath Achime of this city has extended a call to Rev. Julius Bloch to serve as Rabbi, and he is expected here within a few days. Rev. Mr. Bloch was formerly cantor and rabbi at the Congregation Jeshuat Israel, and is well known in this city. The synagogue to which he will come this time is located on Bull street.

An alarm from Box 432, the box at Easton's Beach, caused a little uneasiness in the city last Saturday evening, as it was feared that the beach building might be in danger, but the fire department proved to be needless.

Mr. George G. P. has removed from Newport to Portland, Long Island, where he will make his home with his sister, Mrs. Clarence Vose.

MIDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent) Picnic at Third Beach in Honor of Mr. and Mrs. Brown

Mrs. Fanny Smith gave a picnic party at Third, or Sachuest, Beach on Tuesday. She was assisted by her two sisters-in-law, Mrs. John Peabody and Mrs. Charles Sisson. The affair was in honor of Mr. and Mrs. John E. Brown of Washington, D. C., who are spending their vacation with Mr. and Mrs. Newton Holland, and Mr. George A. Brown, who were also present at the picnic. Tables were spread on the piazza of the cottage belonging to Mr. Restcom Peabody and Juneon was served there. Among the guests was Mr. Fred E. Burrill of Worcester, Mass. After lunch to which enjoyed clammings, walking and bathing. At night they went to the home of Mr. Smith and a supper was served. A similar affair was given about a month ago in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Johnson of Washington, D. C. Mrs. Johnson was before her marriage Miss Ruth Brown, sister of Mr. John Brown. Mr. and Mrs. Brown will return to Washington on Sunday. Plans are made for a similar picnic to be held in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Albert E. Brown when they shall be spending their vacation here later in the month.

Memorial Tablet Unveiled

On Sunday morning at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel a memorial tablet was unveiled at the close of the regular service, which was conducted by Rev. Arthur Rogers, D. D., assisted by Rev. James P. Conover. After a prayer, an American flag, which had concealed the tablet, was drawn aside, showing a beautiful light grey sandstone. It was placed in memory of Rev. Conover's son, Richard Stevens Conover, 2nd. It is inscribed "Beati Mortui Qui in Domino Morientur." In Proud and Loving Memory of Richard Stevens Conover, 2nd, corporal of the machine gun company, 18th United States Infantry: Born in Concord, N. H., 18th of March. He learned here the joy of earth and sea. He was killed in action at Cantigny, France, May 27, 1918. Eternal rest grant unto him, O Lord! Let light perpetual shine upon him.

The Middletown Free Library was visited on Tuesday by Mrs. William M. Congdon of Providence, who is the State Chairman of the Traveling Library of Rhode Island. Mrs. Congdon visits the library annually.

Mrs. Edgar Lewis has had as guest Mrs. Angeline Skinner of Attleboro, Mass.

Mrs. William Thomas and Mrs. Arthur Anthony have gone on an automobile tour through Massachusetts.

The Berkeley Dramatic Club held its regular monthly meeting on Friday evening at the Berkeley Parish house. A business meeting was held, after which an entertainment was given by a committee composed of Miss Madeline Orr, Miss Gladys Peckham and Mr. Lewis Plummer.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Smith, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Fred P. Webber, have gone on an extended automobile trip, leaving their homes Wednesday. They will stop at Salem, Newburyport, Salisbury Beach, Haverhill and Lawrence, and will come on the return trip through Plymouth and the Cape Cod Canal.

Mr. Harry Marshall and his mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Marshall, who have been spending the week-end at Mr. Marshall's home on Green End avenue, with Mrs. Marshall, have returned to Providence.

A freak chicken was hatched out recently at the farm of Mr. Arthur Albro. It had two perfect pairs of legs, one pair in the usual place and a pair in a reverse position.

Mr. and Mrs. James R. Chase 2d, Miss Ruth Chase, Miss Ivah L. Peckham and Mr. Robert Chase have returned from a motor trip to New Hampshire.

Mrs. Arthur L. Peckham has concluded her visit with Mrs. Edward J. Peckham and has gone to Block Island to visit her cousin, Mrs. Ansel Ball.

Mrs. Charles S. Plummer, who recently had a bad fall, is now so much improved as to be about again. Mr. Plummer, who at the same time cut his foot while bathing, is about again.

The picnic of St. Mary's and Holy Cross Sunday schools and parish was held at Bethshan-in-the-Woods on Thursday from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. A luncheon was served, the various members bringing cakes or sandwiches or material for lemonade. Games were played and a baseball game was played between the older boys of the two Sunday Schools.


Mrs. Edward A. Brown entertained the members of the William Ellery Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, at her home, "Brookfield" farm, on Saturday last, to celebrate the date of the battle of Rhode Island. About twenty-five members were present. Refreshments were served by the hostess and the afternoon was spent in a social way.

Miss Jane Barclay is spending a week with her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. William Barclay of Ridgefield, Conn.

The Berkeley Dramatic Club members sent a post card shower to Mrs. William C. Hubbell, in honor of her birthday. Mrs. Hubbell, whose home is in Amarillo, Texas, was formerly the president of the club.

Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Gresson of Brooklyn are visiting Mrs. Gresson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward A. Brown.

Mrs. John B. Ward and children, who have been spending the summer at the Whitman cottage on Paradise avenue, have returned to their home in Brookfield.



WEBSTER

-MAN'S MAN-

by Peter B. Kyne

Author of "Cappy Ricks," "The Valley of the Giants," Etc.

CHAPTER I.

When John Stuart Webster, mining engineer and kicker-up-of-dust on distant trails, flagged the S. P. L. A. & S. L. Limited at a blistered board station in Death valley, California, he had definitely resolved to do certain things. To begin, he would invade the dining car at the first call to dinner and order approximately twenty dollars' worth of ham and eggs, which provender is, as all who know will certify, the pinnacle of epicurean delight to an old sour-dough coming out of the wilderness with a healthy bank-roll and a healthier appetite.

Following the ham and eggs, Mr. Webster planned to saturate himself from soul to vermiform appendix with nicotine, which he purposed obtaining from tobacco with nicotine in it. It was a week since he had smoked anything with an odor even remotely like tobacco, for the August temperature in Death valley is no respecter of moisture in any man or his tobacco. Upon arrival in Salt Lake City his spree would really begin. Webster designed chartering a taxicab and proceeding forthwith to a hotel where he would engage a sunny room with a bath, fill the bathtub, climb blithely in and soak for two hours at least, for it was nearly eight months since he had had a regular bath and he purposed making the most of his opportunity. His long-drawn ablutions at length over, he would don a silken dressing gown and slippers, order up a barber and proceed to part with enough hair and whiskers to upholster an automobile, and upon the completion of his tonsorial adventures he would encase his person in a suit of mauve-colored silk pajamas, climb into bed and stay there for forty-eight hours, merely waiting long enough to take another bath, order up periodical consignments of ham and eggs, and incidentally, make certain that a friendly side-winder or chuckwalla hadn't crawled under the blanket with him.

So much for John Stuart Webster's plans. Now for the gentleman himself. No one—not even the Pullman porter, shrewd judge of mankind that he was—could have discerned in the chrysalis that flapped the Limited the butterfly of fashion that was to be. As the ebony George raised the vestibule platform, opened the car door and looked out, he had no confidence in the lean, sun-baked big man standing by the train. Plainly the fellow was not a first-class passenger but a wandering prospector, for he was dog-dirty, a ruin of rags and hairy as a tarantula. The only clean thing about him was a heavy-calibered automatic pistol of the army type, swinging at his hip.

"Day coach an' tourist up in front," the knight of the whiskerbroom announced in disapproving tones and started to close down the platform.

"So I perceived," John Stuart Webster replied blithely. "I also observed that you failed to employ the title 'sir' when addressing a white man. Put that platform back and hop out here with your little stool, your saddle-colored son of Senegambia, or I'll make you a hard porter to catch."

"Yessah, yassah!" the porter sputtered, and obeyed instantly. Mr. Webster handed him a respectable-looking suitcase and stepped aboard in state, only to be informed that there wasn't a vacant first-class berth on the train.

"Yes, I know I'm dirty," the late arrival announced cheerfully, "but still, as Bobby Burns once remarked, 'a man's a man for a' that'—and I'm not unsanitary."

"I'm very sorry," the conductor replied perfunctorily and endeavored to pass on, but Webster secured a firm grip on his lapel and frustrated the escape.

"You're not sorry," the rugged wanderer declared, "not one little bit. You're fully apprehensive. However, you needn't be. There is no wild life on me, brother. I assure you."

"But I tell you, the train is full up. You'll have to roost in the day coach or the tourist. I'm very sorry—"

"Nevertheless, despite your deep grief, something tells me you're spoofing, so while I must, of necessity, accept your suggestion, said acceptance will be but temporary. In about two hours, young fellow, you're going to make the alarming discovery that you have bats in your belly." And with a whiskery grin which, under the circumstances, was charming in its absolute freedom from malice, Mr. Webster departed for the day coach.

Two hours later the conductor found him in the aforementioned day coach, engaged in a mild game of poker with a mule-skinner, a Chinaman, an aged prospector, and a half-breed Indian, and waited until Mr. Webster, on a hot-tailed flush, bluffed the Chinaman out of a dollar-and-a-half pot.

"Are you Mr. John S. Webster?"

"Your assumption that I am that person is so eminently correct that it would be a waste of time for me to dispute it," Webster replied quizzically. "However, just to prove that you're not the only clairvoyant on this train, I'm going to tell you something about yourself. In your pocket you have a telegram. It is from Chicago, where your pay-check originates; it is short, sweet and comprehensive, containing an order which you are going to obey. It reads somewhat as follows:

soon as the train comes to a stop."

When the train slid to a grinding halt and the porter opened the car door, Webster nodded. "Out!" he said. "This is no nice place to pull off a scrap."

"See here, neighbor, I don't want to have any trouble with you—"

"I know it. All the same, you're going to have it—of course with me to that young lady and her big pardon."

"All right, I'll apologize," and he started forward as if to pass Webster in the vestibule, on his way to the observation car, whither the subject of his annoying attention had gone. Two steps brought him within striking distance of his enemy, and before Webster could dodge, a sizzling right-handed blow landed on his jaw and set him back on his haunches in the vestibule.

It was almost a knockout—almost, but not quite. As Webster's body struck the floor the big automatic came out of the holster, swinging in a weak circle, it covered the other.

"That was a daisy," Webster mumbled. "If you move before my head clears, I'll put four bullets into you before you reach the corridor."

He waited about a minute, then with the gun he pointed to the car door and the porter stepped out. Webster handed the porter his gun and followed; two minutes later he returned, dragging his assailant by the collar. Up the steps he jerked the big battered hulk and tossed it in the corner of the vestibule, just as the girl came through the car, making for the diner up ahead.

Again she favored him with that calm, grave, yet vitally interested gaze, nodded appreciatively, made as if to pass on, changed her mind, and said:

"All right. I have the unused portion of her transportation to return to her before we hit Salt Lake; her name is on the ticket and the ticket indicates her destination. I'll make a mental note of both as soon as I've identified her ticket."

A few hours later the conductor came to Webster's stateroom and handed him a card upon which was written:

"Dolores Ruey. From Los Angeles, via San Pedro, Los Angeles & Salt Lake, to Salt Lake City. Denver & Rio Grande to Denver, Burlington to St. Louis, Illinois Central to New Orleans. Stop-over at Denver."

John Stuart Webster studied the name after the conductor withdrew. "That's a Spanish name," he soliloquized, "but for all that, she's not a parakeet. All things considered, I guess I'll take a chance and investigate."

CHAPTER II.

Webster's dreams of bliss had, with very slight variations, come true as per schedule. In Salt Lake City he abandoned the beefsteak on his flanged eye for two businesslike leeches, which quickly reduced the nocturno effect around his orb, enabling him, the third day, to saunter forth among his fellowmen. By the end of the week he was a being reincarnated, and so he packed a huge new wardrobe-trunk with his latest purchases and journeyed on to Denver. Coincident with his arrival there, we again take up the thread of our story.

One hour after his trunk arrived the gentleman from Death Valley might have been observed standing before a cheval glass looking long and earnestly at the reflection of his middle-aged person, the while he marked the fit of his new tuxedo. John Stuart Webster was all dressed up for the first time in three long, inglorious years, and was tremendously glad of it. He lighted a cigar and stepped forth into Seventeenth street, along which he strolled until he came to a certain building into the elevator of which he entered and was whisked to the twelfth floor, where he alighted and found himself before a wide portal which bore in gold letters the words: "Engineers' Club."

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Webster struck the upholstery of an adjacent chair a terrific blow with his stick—the effect of which was to cause everybody in the room to start and to conceal Mr. Webster momentarily in a cloud of dust, the while in a belatedly baritone he sang:

"His father was a hard-rock miner; He comes from my home town—"

"Jack Webster! The devil's own kin!" shouted Neddy Jerome. He swept the cards into a heap and waddled across the room to meet this latest assailant of the peace and dignity of the Engineers' club. "You old, worthless, ornery, no-good son of a lizard! I've never been so glad to see a man that didn't owe me money. I've been combing the whole civilized world for you, for a month, at least. Where the devil have you been?"

John Stuart Webster beamed happily upon his friend. "Well, Neddy, you old stocking-knitter," he replied quizzically, "since that is the case, I'm not surprised at your failure to find me. You're known me long enough to have remembered to confine your search to the uncivilized reaches."

"Well, you're here, at any rate and I'm happy. Now you settle down."

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"You Are a Very Courteous Gentleman"

very gravely: "You are—a very courteous gentleman, sir."

He bowed. There was nothing else to do, nothing that he could say under the circumstances. To use his civility as a wedge to open an acquaintance never occurred to him—but his whiskers did occur to him. Hastily he backed into his stateroom and closed the door, presently he rose and surveyed himself critically in the small mirror over the washstand.

"No, Johnny," he murmured, "we can't go into the diner now. We're too damned respectable. We were bad enough before that big swine bug the shanty on our right eye, but whatever our physical and personal feelings, far be it from us to parade our iridescent orb in public. Besides, one look at that queen is enough to do us for the remainder of our natural life, and a second look, minus a proper introduction, would only drive us into a suicide's grave." He sighed, rang for the porter and told him to send a waiter for his order, since he would faint break his fast in the privacy of his stateroom. And when the waiter came for the order, such was Mr. Webster's mental perturbation that ham and eggs were furthest from his thoughts. He ordered a steak with French fried potatoes.

John Stuart Webster passed a restless night. Sleep came to him in hourly installments, from which he would rouse to ask himself whether it was worth while to continue to go through the motions of living, or alight at the next station, seek a lonely and unrequited spot and there surrender to outrageous fortune. It was altogether damnable. In a careless moment, Fate had accorded him a glimpse of the only woman he had ever met and desired to meet again—for Webster was essentially a man's man, and his profession and environment had militated against his opportunities for meeting extraordinary women; and extraordinary women were the only kind that could hope to challenge his serious attention. Fate had accorded him a signal opportunity for knightly combat in the service of this extraordinary woman, and in the absence of a formal introduction, what man could desire a finer opportunity for getting acquainted? If only their meeting had but been delayed two weeks, ten days, a week! Once free of his ugly cocoon of rags and whiskers, the butterfly Webster would not have hesitated one brief instant to inform himself of that young lady's address, following his summary disposal of her tormentor.

But in all things there is a limit, and John Stuart Webster's right eye constituted a deadline beyond which, as a gentleman, he dared not venture; so with a heavy heart he bowed to the inevitable. Brilliant and instertuous as a meteorite she had flashed once across his horizon and was gone. In the privacy of his stateroom Webster had ham and eggs for breakfast. He was lighting his second cigar when the porter knocked and entered with an envelope.

"Lately in the observation-car asked me to deliver this to you, sir," he announced importantly.

It was a note, freshly written on head

stationery. Webster read:

"The distressed lady desires to thank the gentleman in stateroom A for his civility of yesterday. She is profoundly sorry that in her service the gentleman in stateroom A was so unfortunate as to acquire a red eye with blue trimmings."

John Stuart Webster swore his blindest oath. "By the twelve apostles, Simon Peter, Andrew, James, John, Philip, Bartholomew, Matthew, Thomas, James, Jude and Simon, and not omitting Judas Iscariot, the scaly scoundrel who betrayed his Lord and Master!" He searched through an old wallet until he discovered a fairly clean professional card, across the bottom of which he wrote, "Thank you, J. S. W." and sent it to the no-longer-distressed lady.

"The most signal adventure of my life is now over," he soliloquized and turned to his cigar. "For the sake of my self-respect, I had to let her know I'm not a hobnob! And now to the task of framing up a scheme for future acquaintance. I must learn her name and destination; so as a preliminary I'll interview the train conductor."

He did and under the ameliorating influence of a five-dollar bill the conductor bent a respectful ear to the Websterian message.

"In Car Seven," he began, "there is a young lady. I do not know what section she occupies neither do I know her name and destination. I only know what she looks like."

The conductor nodded. "And you want to ascertain her name and destination?"

"I do."

"All right. I have the unused portion of her transportation to return to her before we hit Salt Lake; her name is on the ticket and the ticket indicates her destination. I'll make a mental note of both as soon as I've identified her ticket."

A few hours later the conductor came to Webster's stateroom and handed him a card upon which was written:

"Dolores Ruey. From Los Angeles, via San Pedro, Los Angeles & Salt Lake, to Salt Lake City. Denver & Rio Grande to Denver, Burlington to St. Louis, Illinois Central to New Orleans. Stop-over at Denver."

John Stuart Webster studied the name after the conductor withdrew. "That's a Spanish name," he soliloquized, "but for all that, she's not a parakeet. All things considered, I guess I'll take a chance and investigate."

CHAPTER II.

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the old man to wince. He permitted his friend to drag him downstairs to the deserted lounge, where Jerome paused in the middle of the room and renewed his query:

"Where have you been, I ask?"

"Out in Death valley, California, trying to pry loose a fortune."

"Did you pry it?"

John Stuart Webster arched his eyebrows in mock reproach. "And you can see my new suit, Neddy, my sixteen-dollar, made-to-order slacks and my horny hoofs encased in silken hose—and ask that question? Freshly shaved and ironed and almost afraid to sit down and get wrinkles in my trousers! Smell that!" He blew a cloud of cigar smoke into Jerome's smiling face. The latter sniffed. "It smells expensive," he replied.

"Yes, and you can bet it tastes expensive, too," Webster answered, handing his cigar-case to his friend.

Jerome bit the end of his cigar and spat derisively. "How much have you made?" he demanded blithely.

"It's none of your business, but I'll tell you because I love you, Neddy. I've made one hundred thousand dollars."

"Chicken-feed," Jerome retorted. "Jerome, I've been combing the mineral belt of North and South America for you for a month."

"Why this sudden belated interest in me?"

"I have a fine job for you, John—"

"King's X," Webster interrupted, and showed both hands with the fingers crossed. "No plotting against my peace and comfort, Neddy. Haven't I told you I'm all dressed up for the first time in three years, that I have money in my pocket and more in bank? Man, I'm going to tread the primrose path for a year before I get back into the harness again!"

Jerome waved a deprecatory hand, figuratively brushing aside such feeble and inconsequential argument. "Are you foot-loose?" he demanded.

"I'm not. I'm bound in golden chains—"

"Married, eh? Great Scott, I might have guessed it. So you're on your honeymoon, eh?"

"No such luck, you viceroy-drinking iconoclast. If you had ever gotten far enough from this club during the past fifteen years to get a breath of real fresh air, you'd understand why I want to enjoy civilization for a week or two before I go back to a mine superintendent's cabin on some bleak hill. No, screw. Old Jeremiah Q. Work and I have had a falling out. Dad burn your picture, Neddy, I want some class! I've been listening to a dago shift-boss playing the accordion for three years—and he could only play three tunes. Now I want Sousa's band. I've been bathing in tepid, dirty water in a redwood sluice-box, and now I desire a steam room and a needle shower and an osteopath. I've been bossing Greasers and Italians and was forced to learn their language to get results, and now I want to speak my mother tongue to my old friends. By thunder I'm going to have a new deal all around."

"Very well, Jack. Don't excite yourself. I'll give you exactly thirty days to sicken of it all—and then I shall come and claim my property."

"Neddy, I'll not work for you. I'm mad. I won't play."

"You're it. I just tagged you."

"I require a rest—but unfold your proposition, Neddy. I was born a poor, weak vessel consumed with a curiosity that was over my undoing. I can only protest that this is no way to treat a friend."

"Nonsense! My own brother wants this job, and I have refused to give it to him. Business is business—and I've saved it for you."

Jerome leaned forward and laid his finger confidentially on Webster's knee; whereat the light-hearted wanderer carefully lifted the finger, brushed an imaginary speck of dirt from it, and set it down again. "The serious, you ingrate," Jerome protested. "Listen! I've been working for two years on a consolidation up near Telluride, and I've just put it across. Jack, it's the biggest thing in the country. Colorado Consolidated Mines Company, Limited. English capital, Jack. Pay 'em 6 per cent. and they'll call you blessed. There's twenty-five thousand a year in it, with a house and a good cook and an automobile and a chauffeur, and you can come to town whenever you please, provided you don't neglect the company's interests—and I know you're not that kind of an engineer."

"Do I have to put some money into it, Neddy?"

"Not necessarily, although I should advise it. I can let you in on the ground floor for that hundred thousand of yours, guarantee you a handsome profit and in all probability a big cleanup."

"I feel myself slipping, Neddy. Nevertheless, the tall goes with the hide, I'm not in the habit of asking my friends to guarantee my investments, and what if you say it's right, I'll spread what I have left of the hundred thousand when I report for duty."

"It's been a tremendous job getting this consolidation over, Jack. When—"

"In pity's name! Spare me. I've heard all I want to hear about your confounded consolidation. News! News! Give me news! I have to beg for a drink—Neddy, you black sinner, how dare you appear before me without bringing a drink?"

Mose, the aged colored porter of the Engineers' club, flashed a row of ivories and respectfully returned the democratic greeting.

"Letter for you, suh. The secretary told me to give it to you, Mistah Webster."

"Thank you, Mose. Speak up, Neddy, and tell me something. Ever hear anything of Billy Geary?"

He was tearing the edge of the envelope while he gazed at Jerome, who was rubbing his fat hands together after the fashion of elderly men who are well pleased with themselves.

"You have a chance to become one of the greatest and richest mining engineers in the world, Jack," he answered, "now that you've cut loose from that young crook Geary. I don't

Newport & Providence Street Ry Co.

Cars Leave Washington Square for Providence

WEEK DAYS—6.50, 7.40, 8.50 A. M., then each hour to 8.50 P. M.
SUNDAYS—7.50 A. M., then each hour to 9.50 P. M.

IN OLD COOMASSIE

West African Town Not Always A Quiet Spot.

Considered Thoroughly Up to Date
Today, It Was the Scene, Twenty
Years Ago, of Grim Tragedy
of Frontier Warfare.

Marjorie and Alan Letheridge, the special correspondents of the London Daily Telegraph in West Africa, write as follows from Coomassie, capital of the British colony of Ashanti:

At the present day Coomassie looks more like an Indian town than any other on the coast, and it is the pride of its residents that socially it is also like India. There are real grass tennis courts, a real regimental band, and, before the war, there was the best polo team in the colony. Such it is today, and yet, only twenty years ago, the quaint little fort in the center of the town was the scene of one of the grimmest stages of Britain's many frontier wars.

Only the fact that all eyes were turned on South Africa at that time prevented the siege of Coomassie from taking its proper place in history. But we who have experienced the inconveniences and discomforts of trekking "de luxe," and who know how much is needful in this part of the world to make life even bearable, can appreciate somewhat the sufferings borne by the defenders of the fort and the agonizing suspense that they endured until they heard the first shots of the relieving force.

The chief commissioner of Ashanti now lives in the fort which gave its meager protection to Captain Bishop, Lieutenant Ralph and Dr. Hay, with their 125 soldiers, during those interminable weeks. One now has an evening gin and blitters on the very spot from which those three officers could see the fires of burning villages and hear the wailing of starving women and children. The Ashantis themselves seem to have lost their last bolt in the way of "frightfulness," however, and no longer rank among the brave tribes of the colony. Only one trace of the romance of the past remains.

Where is the golden stool of Ashanti? It disappeared in 1896 and has never been seen since. On it the Ashanti chiefs had sat and dispensed their own peculiar form of justice from the earliest days and, so far as is known, it is still concealed in the innermost recesses of their land. But it would be a brave European who openly attempted to track it to its hiding place, and there is just a possibility that it has been privately sold during a period of financial stress.

Kofi Karikari, the King of Ashanti in 1873, behaved in an even more sacrilegious manner. He secretly opened the mausoleum of his ancestors and robbed their bodies of the golden ornaments without which no Ashanti of any means is ever lowered into the tomb.

It would never have been discovered had not the lynx eyes of the queen-mother observed that "the favorite wives of the king were inexplicably wearing rings and bracelets of antique workmanship. A little investigation and she denounced him publicly.

Wood Alcohol.

The wood alcohol used in the United States is obtained chiefly from the destructive distillation of wood—hard wood, birch, maple, oak, elm and alder being those most frequently used. The chief uses to which it is put are for the denaturing of grain alcohol; for various purposes in lines of common manufacture (especially as a solvent in the preparation of shellac, varnish, dyes, etc.); as an ingredient in medical and pharmaceutical preparations; in the chemical industries and as a fuel and illuminant. Only within recent years has wood alcohol become so dangerous to life and sight. Formerly it was a dark, bad-smelling, bad-tasting fluid which no one was tempted to drink. Later a process was developed by which this color, smell and taste are removed. Wood alcohol, when purified in this way, looks, smells and tastes like grain alcohol, and may thus be easily substituted for it by unscrupulous persons.—Illinois Health News, October, 1919.

Keep young.
Keep serene. Live simply. Yet always dare and do; strive, work, play, love, learn intensely. Vivid enjoyment of each day, giving up everything and relaxing each night. That is the way to keep young.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

WEBSTER MAN'S MAN

Continued from Page 2
Jerome remarked as the servant bore it away. "Why all this garrulity? A cablegram anywhere generally costs at least a dollar a word."

"That's my delight of a shiny night, in the season of the year," quoted John Stuart Webster; "and why the devil economize when the boy needs cheering up?"

"What boy?"
"Billy Geary."
"Where is he?"
"Central America."

Neddy Jerome was happy. He was in an expansive mood, for he had, with the assistance of a kindly fate, rounded up the one engineer in all the world whom he needed to take charge of the Colorado Consolidated. So he said:

"Well, Jack, just to celebrate the discovery of your old pal, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll O. K. your voucher for the expense of bringing young Geary back to the U. S. A., and when we get him here, it will be up to you to find a snug berth for him with Colorado Consolidated."

"Neddy," said John Stuart Webster, "by my halibut, I love thee. You're a thoughtful, kindly old stick-in-the-mud."

"No it's not bad. I'm your boss," Jerome interrupted, and waddled away to telephone the head waiter at his favorite restaurant to reserve a table for two.

Mr. Webster sighed. He disliked exceedingly to disappoint old Neddy, but—He shrank from seeming to think overwell of himself by declining a twenty-five-thousand-dollar-a-year job with the biggest mining company in Colorado, but—

"Rotten luck," he soliloquized. "It runs that way for a while, and then it changes, and gets worse!"

When Jerome returned to his seat, the serious look in Webster's hitherto laughing eyes challenged his immediate attention.

"Neddy," said John Stuart Webster gently, "do you remember my crossing my fingers and saying 'King's X' when you came at me with that proposition of yours? It just breaks my heart to have to decline it, but the fact of the matter is, I think you'd better give that job to your brother after all. At any rate, I'm not going to take it."

"Why?" the amazed Jerome demanded. "Johnny, you're crazy in the head. Of course you'll take it."

For answer Webster handed his friend the letter he had just received.

"Read that old horse, and see if you can't work up a circulation," he suggested.

Jerome adjusted his spectacles and read:

"Calle de Concordia 18, Buenaventura, Sobrante, O. A."

"Dear John: I would address you as 'dear friend John,' did I but possess sufficient courage. In my heart of hearts you are still that, but after three years of silence, due to my stupidity and hardness of heart, it is, perhaps, better to make haste slowly.

"To begin, I should like to be forgiven, on the broad general grounds that I am most awfully sorry for what I went and did! Am I forgiven? I seem to see your friendly old face and hear you answer 'Ayé' and with this load off my chest at last I believe I feel better already.

"Jack, you poor, deluded old piece of white meat, do you think for a moment that I held against you your testimony for the operators in Cripple Creek? I thought you believed the charges and that you testified in a firm belief that I was the guilty man, as all of the circumstantial evidence seemed to indicate. I thought this for three long, meagre years, old friend, and I'm sorry. After that, I suppose there isn't any need for me to say more, except that you are an old fool for not saying you were going to spend your money and your time and reputation trying to put my halo back on straight! I doubt if I was worth it, and you know that; but let it pass, for we have other fish to fry.

"The nubbin of the matter is this: There is only one good gold mine left in this weary world—and I have it. It's the sweetest wildcat I ever struck, and we stand the finest show in the world of starving to death if we tackle it without sufficient capital to go through. It will take at least thirty thousand dollars, and we ought to have double that to play safe. I do not know whether you have, or can raise, sixty cents, but at any rate I am going to put the buck up to you and you can take a look.

"This is a pretty fair country, Jack—if you survive long enough to get used to it. At first you think it's Paradise; then you grow to hate it and know it for hell with the ill old; and finally all your early love for it returns and you become what I am now—a tropical tramp! There is only one social stratum lower than mine, and that's the tropical beachcomber. I am not that—yet; and will not be if my landlady will continue to listen to my blatherings. She is a sweet soul, with a divine disposition, and I am duly grateful.

"I would tell you all about the geography, topography, flora and fauna of Sobrante, but you can ascertain that in detail by consulting any standard encyclopedia. Governmentally the country is similar to its sister republics. It's a cold day indeed when two patriots, two vivas and a couple of old Long Tom Springfield rifles cannot upset the Sobrante apple cart. We haven't had a revolution for nearly six months, but we have hopes.

"I am addressing you at the Engineers' club, in the hope that my letter may reach you there, or perhaps the secretary will know your address and forward it to you. If you are foot-loose and still entertain a lingering regard for your old pal, get busy on this mining concession P. D. Q. Time is the essence of the contract, because I am holding on to the thin edge of nothing, and if we have a change of government I may lose even that. I need you, John Stuart Webster."

ster, worse than I need salvation. I enclose you a list of equipment required.

"If you receive this letter and can do anything for me, please cable. If you cannot, please cable anyway. Do let me hear from you, Jack, if only to tell me the old entente cordiale still exists. I know now that I was considerable of a headless pup a few years ago and overlooked my hand quite regularly, but now that I have a good thing I do not know of anybody with whom I care to share it except your own genial self. Please let me hear from you.

"Affectionately,
"BILLY."

Jerome finished reading this remarkable communication; then with infinite amusement he regarded John Stuart Webster over the tops of his glasses as one who examines a new and interesting species of bug.

"So Billy loves that dear Sobrante, eh?" he said with abysmal sarcasm. "Jack Webster, listen to a sane man and be guided accordingly. I was in this same little Buenaventura once. I was there for three days, and I wouldn't have been there three minutes if I could have caught a steamer out sooner. Of all the miserable, squallid, worthless, ornery, stinking holes on the face of God's green foot-stool, Sobrante is the worst—if one may judge it by its capital city. Are you going to chase off to this God-forsaken fever-hole at the behest of a lad scarcely out of his swaddling clothes? Jack Webster, surely you aren't going to throw yourself away—give up the sure thing I offer you—to join Billy Geary in Sobrante and finance a wildcat prospect without a certificate of title attached. Be reasonable. What did you wire that confounded boy?"

"That I was coming."

"Cable him you've changed your mind. We'll send him some money to

come home, and you can give him a good job under you. I'll O. K. the voucher and charge it to your personal expense account."

"That's nice of you, old sport, and I thank you kindly. I'll talk to Billy when I arrive in Buenaventura, and if the prospect doesn't look good to me, I'll argue him out of it and we'll come home. Let me go. I might come back. But I must go. I want to see Billy."

"You just said a minute ago you'd turned the forty-year post," Jerome warned him. "And you're now going to lose a year or two more in which you might better be engaged laying up a foundation of independence for your old age. For Heaven's sake, man, don't be a fool!"

"Oh, but I will be a fool," John Stuart Webster answered; and possibly, by this time, the reader has begun to understand the potency of his middle name—the Scotch are notoriously pig-headed, and Mr. Webster had just enough oatmeal in his blood to have come by that center fire name honestly.

"And you, you poor old horse, you could not possibly understand why, if you lived to be a million years old."

He got up from his chair to the full height of his six-foot-one, and stretched 190 pounds of bone and muscle.

"And so I shall go to Sobrante and lose all of this all-important money, shall I?" he jeered. "Then by all the gods of the Open Country, I hope I may. Dad burn you, Neddy, I'm not a Methusalem. I want some fun in life. I want to fight and be broke and go hungry and then make money for the love of making it and spending it, and I want to live a long time yet. I want to see the mirage across the sagebrush and hear it whisper: 'Hither, John Stuart Webster! Hither, you fool, and I'll hornswoggle you again, as in an elder day I hornswoggled you before.'"

Jerome shook his white thatch hopelessly.

"I thought you were a great mining engineer, John," he said sadly, "but you're not. You're a poet. You do not seem to care for money."

"Well," Webster retorted humorously, "it isn't exactly what you might term a ruling passion. I like to make it, but there's more fun spending it. I've made \$100,000, and now I want to go blow it—and I'm going to. Do not try to argue with me. I'm a lunatic and I will have my way. If I didn't go tearing off to Sobrante and join forces with Bill Geary, there to play the game, red or black, I'd feel as if I had done something low and mean and small. The boy's appealed to me, and I have made my answer. If I come back alive but broke, you know in your heart you'll give me the best job you have."

"You win," poor Jerome admitted. "I told the job open 30 days. At the end of that period I'll give you a definite answer, Neddy."

"I sniff excitement and adventure and profit in Sobrante and I've just

got to look-see. I'm like an old burro staked out knee-deep in alfalfa just now. I won't take kindly to the pack."

"And like an old burro, you won't be happy until you've sneaked through a hole in the fence to get out into a stubble-field and starve." Jerome swore half-heartedly and promulgated the title proverb that life is just one blank thing after the other—an inchoate mass of liver and disappointment!

"Do you find it so?" Webster queried sympathetically.

Suspecting that he was being twitted, Jerome looked up sharply, prepared to wither Webster with that glance. But no, the man was absolutely serious; whereupon Jerome realized the futility of further argument and gave John Stuart Webster up for a total loss. Still, he could not help smiling as he reflected how Webster had planned a year of quiet enjoyment and fate had granted him one brief evening. He marveled that Webster could be so light-hearted and contented under the circumstances.

Webster read his thoughts. "Good-bye, old man," he said, and extended his hand. "Don't worry about me. Allah is always kind to fools, my friend; sorrow is never their portion. In answering Billy's call I have a feeling that I am answering the call of a great adventure."

He did not know how truly he spoke, of course, but if he had, that knowledge would not have changed his answer.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over thirty years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Comfort—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.



"Cable Him You've Changed Your Mind."

To Restore Respiration.

The method introduced by Schafer is the simplest, least injurious and most effective in restoring a person who has been rescued from drowning.

"The subject is laid on the ground in a prone position, with a thickly folded garment under his chest. The operator kneels by his side or athwart him, facing his head and placing his hands on each side over the lower ribs of the subject. He slowly throws the weight of his body forward, and thus presses upon the thorax of the subject and forces air out of the lungs; he then gradually relaxes the pressure by bringing his body up again, but without removing his hands. This is repeated regularly at the rate of 12 or 15 times a minute, until normal respiration begins, or until all hope of restoration is given up."

Dreaming of Ditches.

It's bad luck to dream of ditches. If they are deep, it foretells all kinds of misfortune, lessened in degree only by growing shallowness. Thieves will rob your house. When your children grow up they will be unfaithful. If you are in love, you'll have a quarrel with your sweetheart. If you are in business, you will suffer heavy loss.—Chicago Herald and Examiner.

Ill-Flated Orchid Hunters.

Not very long ago a New York man, traversing a Venezuelan forest on an exploring expedition, came upon a hut wherein were found three human skeletons and thousands of dead orchid plants. From between the ribs of one of the skeletons grew an orchid of rare beauty. The three unfortunates had evidently been murdered.

Esparto.

Esparto grows throughout extensive districts in the south of Spain, and a poorer quality is found on large areas of poor and sandy lands in Algeria and Tunis. Esparto fiber has been used for centuries in Spain, and the manufacture of matting, baskets and cordage exclusively of esparto dates from the time of the Moorish occupation.

Metal Pen Result of Accident.

Some 80 years ago Joseph Gillett was a working jeweler in Birmingham, England. One day, he accidentally split one of his fine steel tools, and, being suddenly required to sign a receipt, and not finding a pen handy, he used the split tool as a substitute. This happy accident is said to have led to the idea of making pens of metal.

"Pieces of Eight"

These are gold pieces which were coined early in the seventeenth century at the Amsterdam mint, the Netherlands being under Spanish rule at the time. They were worth eight Spanish reals, or about one Spanish Peruvian dollar, and were coined at the time that Spain was at the height of its power and prosperity.

Sculpture of Poe.

Olaf Bjorkman, American-Scandinavian sculptor, has created an impressionistic sculpture of Edgar Allan Poe, with the raven hovering over the head of the great American poet. It is considered one of the most remarkable conceptions of the subject—Aragonaut.

The Oldest Piano.

The oldest piano in existence was made by Cristofori in the year 1720, and is still in good condition. But its sound is more like that of a harp than a piano, for its wires, instead of being struck by hammers are plucked by points of quill or of hard leather.

No Kentucky Silver Mines.

The bureau of mines states that there are no silver mines in Kentucky. There is an old legend which prevails throughout the country regarding lost silver mines in that state, but there is no foundation for it.

His Guide Book.

"I must look in the book to see where I'll go on my vacation."
"You mean a resort directory?"
"No, my bank book."—Buffalo Express.

Special Bargains

Fall and Winter Woolens.

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign or domestic markets at 10 per cent. less than our regular prices. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 15. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

J. K. McLENNAN,

184 Thames Street

NEWPORT, R. I.

EXPLORE RED RIVER VALLEY

Scientific Expedition to Make Search for the Bones of Reptiles of Prehistoric Era.

Another expedition to look for the bones of great prehistoric reptiles in the Red River valley of Alberta is on its way. This time it is under the direction of Dr. W. A. Parks of the University of Toronto, and the Royal Ontario museum. For a number of years these expeditions have been an annual summer journey for three months.

Two years ago the almost perfect specimen of the *Kritosaurus incurvimanus*, which has just been finally chipped free from the rock and presented to the museum, was found, making a distinct addition to the records of science, and giving to Toronto the only specimen of this species yet discovered. Three incomplete skeletons of the *Kritosaurus* and a great horned head of a *Brontosaurus*, 4 feet 6 inches in length, were found by the professor, but have not yet been carved from the rock. It is the hope of Prof. Parks to collect ultimately for the Royal Ontario museum one of the finest exhibits of dinosaurs in existence.

The locality and the method of finding the specimens are described by Prof. Parks. "The river cut right through the flat prairie to a depth of 400 feet, forming a whole lot of broken buttes, and it is among these that the bones are discovered. One of the difficulties in obtaining complete specimens is that the bones cannot be obtained until they are partly exposed by the action of natural deroding causes. Sometimes they are disappointed then, for after exploring you may find only a single bone. You dig down as close as you can and pack the rock in plaster paris for shipment."

The Red River valley 8,000,000 years ago was near the coast of a great inland sea that stretched from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic ocean. "The sand along the shallow, brackish shores of this great body of water formed a splendid preservative for those huge reptiles which inhabited the world at that time. Our *Kritosaurus* was found in what we call the Bell formation of the upper Cretaceous system," explained Prof. Parks.

Hats Worth Small Fortunes.

Hats were designed primarily by the ancient peoples for protection, and through the evolution of the centuries new generations have failed to improve upon the ancient types that exist in various climates to prevent exposure either to extreme heat or cold. The sub-arctic people from the frozen tundras wear a snugly-fitting bonnet with earflaps. In India the turban is worn to protect the head against excessive heat, says *Asin Magazine*. These turbans are made from cloth, 20 to 40 feet long, and wound about the head in endless variety, according to rank and taste. The natives of the Philippines and the South Sea Islands wear large sun hats, usually made of palm leaves. In China, in addition to the large, peaked coolie hat, one finds a hat which is emblematic of rank. The social position of a Manchurian woman can always be determined by the ornaments on her bonnet, often consisting of precious jewels. Some of these hats cost as much as \$10,000. In various climates and countries natives utilize ornaments which secure from birds and game to make their hats attractive.

Old Japan Disappearing.

Japan is so fast adapting and adopting not only western customs and manners, but western architecture, as well, that the traveler who wishes to see anything Japanese must get out of the cities and off the beaten track. Standing on the Ginza, Tokio's main thoroughfare, the stranger will be amazed at the variety of fashions that will pass along before him. A gentleman in evening dress is followed by another who wears a frock coat and bowler hat, and by still another robed in native haori and hakama, canopied by a top hat, and sporting an expensive cane or umbrella. Behind these strolls along a man in overalls, followed by one in a yet more mongrel costume—a suit of white cotton underwear, over which is a cotton kimono and no shirt. All this is immensely comical, but the Japanese take it as a matter of course. The Japanese women, however, are free from these Eurasian indiscretions in dress and habit, preserving as yet their graceful native costumes.

Why No More "Proof Coins."

Formerly the mints furnished at little more than cost, so-called "proof" coins, which were much desired by collectors. They were far superior in finish to the ordinary pieces, being struck by hand presses and dies specially cut and burnished. The "blanks" of metal thus stamped were burnished, so that the coins were beautifully bright and mirrorlike. Kept in little pockets of buckskin, they would retain their prettiness indefinitely. But the treasury has put a stop to this business and proof pieces are no longer to be obtained.

The Mercury.
PUBLISHED BY MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.
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Saturday, September 4, 1920

The Boston American and the other Hearst papers throughout the country are supporting the Republican candidate for President with a good deal of vim.

Massachusetts Republicans are having a red hot fight over the candidate for State Treasurer. It looks as though the present incumbent—Burrell—would have to walk the plank.

There are 35,000 mill men idle in Lawrence, Mass. All the mills in the city are closed, many of them indefinitely. That is not a very encouraging outlook for the coming fall and winter.

The next meeting of the Atlantic Deep-sea Waterways Association will be held in Atlantic City, October 5 to 8. It is expected that this will be one of the largest conventions ever held by this association.

Complaint is made about the apathy in the present Presidential campaign. It is pretty hard work to get up much political excitement in hot weather. Within another month things will warm up all right.

A big sugar refinery in Boston refuses to sell its sugar at present prices. It has 20,000 tons on hand, which it is holding for top prices. Wilson's food inspectors had better get after that concern.

A speaking tour has been planned by Candidate Harding which will take him to most of the important cities throughout the country. But one speech is booked for New England, however. That will probably be in Boston.

Experts in the Department of Agriculture state that crop indications for 1920 are so favorable that, in spite of increased railroad rates and other factors tending to increase costs, a decided drop in the price of all foodstuffs should take place this Autumn.

Ex-Congressman O'Shaunessy having declined with thanks the Democratic nomination for Governor of Rhode Island, that party is now turning its eyes towards ex-Mayor Edward M. Sullivan, of Cranston. The State Convention will be held October 5.

The tornado of Tuesday night was very severe in many parts of Massachusetts and also in Connecticut. In the latter State it is claimed that two million dollars' worth of growing crops was destroyed. The tobacco crop, which is one of the important crops of that State, suffered severely.

The consumption of petroleum during the year ending in August, 1920, 430,843,265 barrels; while the production was only 402,626,025 barrels, or an excess of consumption over production of 28,217,240 barrels. The reserve stock in this country is said to be dangerously low. It looks as though the cost of operating automobiles was destined to increase very rapidly.

It would seem from the testimony produced that the Republican National Committee had got a clean bill from the chairman of the Democratic National Committee in answer to Candidate Cox's charge that an enormous "slush" fund was being raised by the Republicans. Chairman Cummings of the Democratic Committee testified that he saw no evidence of corruption in the financial work of the Republican Committee.

Senator Harding, the Republican candidate for President, in an address a few days ago, said in regard to President Wilson's pet League of Nations that—

"We know now that the League constituted at Versailles is utterly impotent as a preventive of wars. It is so obviously impotent that it has not even been tried. It could not survive a single test. The original League, mistakenly conceived and unreasonably insisted upon, has undoubtedly passed beyond the possibility of restoration."

The first bit of railroad building seen in years has been actually begun by the New Haven road. They are laying a third track between Wickford Junction and Kingston. This extra track has been long needed to keep freight trains moving and to prevent tie-ups in passenger traffic on the through line from Boston to New York. The work on this improvement has been actually begun and it will be completed at an early date. The time may actually come in the far-off future when the New Haven company may begin other work on other of the many more extensive improvements contemplated and planned for some years ago. Perhaps some people now will see a new station in Newport as worthy this important line—perhaps the double tracking of the line between Fall River and Warren, begun years ago, may in time be an accomplished fact.

"HE KEPT US OUT OF WAR"

Among the famous sayings of history, a high place should be given to the blunt handed out by the Wilson supporters of 1916, that he should be re-elected, because "he kept us out of war." That notorious phrase about Woodrow Wilson, and it plunged this country consequently into a sea of troubles due to extravagance and mismanagement by him and his party.

As the humorists have frequently remarked, the only people Mr. Wilson kept out of war were Wood and Roosevelt. Also by killing the peace treaty after American rights had been protected in it, "he kept us out of peace."

The attitude of the Democratic leaders in the fall of 1916 seems strange as you think over the history of that period. They knew many things that the people did not know. They knew the treachery of the German government, how it had permented all the United States with their dirty spies, and was in effect making war on the United States. Persons of at least average intelligence, who knew the real inside, should have known in October, 1916, that the United States was almost certain to be drawn into the war.

Knowing the real situation, it is inconceivable how the Democrats could have tried to win that election on the basis of hopes that could not be fulfilled. Instead of holding out the prospect of peace, the party leaders should have been getting ready for the war that was inevitable and should have allowed the country to drift into a frightful struggle wholly unprepared.

Some people say that this has no bearing on the present contest, since Mr. Wilson is not running for office. But the winning of an election by a shallow argument, the falsity of which was promptly proved, has created a deep feeling of resentment. It will lead the people to beware of promises that can't be fulfilled.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE

It is not surprising that the women are jubilant over the triumph of the suffrage movement after fifty years of agitation. It takes a deep feeling of conviction and a sense of wrongs that should be righted to keep a popular movement alive for that length of time, and to finally achieve its desired aim.

The strongest argument for suffrage has been the experience of the states that have tried it out. It was not to be expected that any of those states once having enlarged the franchise to take in the women could have gone back to exclusive male voting. But if the change had produced no good results and had brought harm, the rest of the country would have been amply warned. The women themselves would have seen that the innovation was a mistake. They would have urged their sisters in other states not to follow along a path that led only to mischief.

There was a time when woman suffragists were regarded as a mild variety of cranks, unfeminine creatures of sexless appearance, who neglected duties at home to butt into affairs belonging properly to men. It took courage to be a suffragist in those days. The women pioneers encountered the ridicule of the male sex and the disapproval of their own.

Some men are as yet unconvinced that woman suffrage will accomplish much for reform. But they have come to feel that women and men are equal partners in life, and that if the women desire to enter a certain field of effort, the men have no right to forbid them.

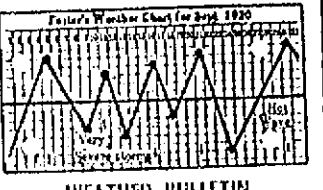
They will welcome all the high ideals that women will bring into the political arena. They expect that as a result of lack of business experience the new voters will make mistakes. But they trust to see them become careful students of political problems and able within a short time to exercise good judgment.

ODD FELLOWS IN BOSTON

The Sovereign Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows will meet in Boston from September 27 to October 2. On Wednesday, September 29, there will be a grand parade commemorative of the occasion, and it is expected that there will be fully forty thousand members of the order in line. This State is expected to furnish at least four thousand of that number. Several special trains will go from Providence. Rhode Island and Excelsior Lodges of this city will be represented. Donald E. Spears of Newport, Grand Representative to the Grand Encampment, is one of the committee from this State. The Rebeckah Lodges will be represented. Rhode Island headquarters will be in Horticultural Hall, Huntington and Massachusetts avenues, where dinner will be served at the hall at 11 o'clock.

Besides high officials of the I. O. O. F., Governor Coolidge of Massachusetts and Mayor Peters of Boston will be among the dignitaries who will review the parade.

The average increase on all kinds of paper used by the printer since 1913 is 240 per cent. Book papers of the ordinary quality which in 1913 sold for five cents a pound now cost twenty cents. Newspaper has increased in price at the same rate, and all other kinds of paper and card stock has gone up likewise. The printer has been hard hit by these increases.



Weather Chart for Fall 1920

WEATHER BULLETIN

Washington, D. C., Sept. 4.—Warm wave will reach Vancouver, B. C., about September 9 and temperatures will rise on all the Northern Pacific slope and northern Rockies. Its center will pass southwestward near Memphis not far from Sept. 12, then northward along the Blue Ridge country, then on to the Atlantic near Newport, R. I. Storm wave will follow.

This will be a very important storm generally, and just as difficult to definitely forecast as it appears to be important. If I have correctly located the path of the storm, temperatures will average above normal south of that path and below normal to the north. The planetary forces will be so great that all the weather details expected may be broken up. I am doubtful as to whether I can even approximate a correct forecast of that storm. The storm forces will be general and many parts of the earth will be affected. If these forces should concentrate into one place it would bring dangerous events.

I expect the first disturbance to take effect near the equator between Porto Rico and Angola South Africa, probably near the equator about fifteen degrees south of the Cape Verde Islands. That is too far away to interest us. But if a hurricane organizes there during the week centering on September 14, as I expect, it will probably move northwestward toward Gulf of Mexico. That is not certain, as it is expected to organize close to the equator and might turn southward. If it turns northward it will give strength to the storm disturbance described in first paragraph above and a cold wave will then follow that northern storm, bringing a disastrous killing frost to large parts of the northern corn section. Such weather features will soon be more completely worked out.

I am not expecting any great changes in rainfall during September, except that severe storms concentrate rain into a few days instead of extending the same amount of rain over the month. Weather months are the moon months, beginning with the moon only. The sun and planets largely control, and the sun does not control so much as his enormous size would indicate.

Farmers, mine operators, manufacturers, local dealers connected with them, and the labor elements should steady their nerves at this time. Don't shove any one off their feet, don't lie down. We are all in one boat and whoever rocks the boat should be thrown overboard. The Federal Reserve Bank rocked the boat and deserved a deep kicking, but they are doing better now. A depression is on, but a great disaster will not come this time. Thanks to our law makers, we now have the best financial and banking system ever operated in America and, if the reserve board behaves itself, we will pull through this necessary depression without any great calamity. Producers have nothing to fear for 1921 and should take hold with confidence in the future. The new American-Canadian race is one people and are the descendants of the very best elements of the best races on earth. This new race and this continent of North America have the only really good prospects in the world. Great prosperity is only a little ahead of us. Keep your nerves quiet and look, with confidence, on the future.

THE WORLD'S TROUBLES

All reports from Europe continue to show a depressing condition of affairs, though not a hopeless one if humanity shows common sense. But the progress toward reconstruction in Europe up to date is disappointing.

It is significant that the countries that are making the best recoveries are France and Belgium, where there is the least socialistic spirit. Great Britain's reconstruction is terribly hampered by the existence of labor troubles.

In Eastern Europe, the specters of war, disease, famine, and unemployment, rule the desolate face of the earth. Railroad transportation has almost disappeared. These sections are split up into a lot of little governments, and each one of them has seized the railroad rolling stock within its own borders. It won't let it go outside its own boundaries.

Imagine in this country, if to get a shipment of goods from New York to Chicago, you had to unload the goods at every state boundary, because the government of that state would not allow its locomotives and cars to cross the state line! How could any business be done?

Most of the factories in Eastern and Central Europe are shut down, because they have lost their customers. If not, conditions are so uncertain that manufacturers do not dare go ahead and make up any goods. And in many cases they have lost the capital with which they could do it. With people in idleness, destitution prevails.

This condition of prostration must affect the prosperity of the United States. We can not remain in wealth and ease while half the world is lying in ruins. The people of this country can not afford to be indifferent to these conditions, because they affect us very closely, even if we are not stirred by humanitarian motives. We must do what we can to help them get on their feet.

Within a short space of time 118 arrests for drunkenness have been made by the Fall River police. It is evident that prohibition does not prohibit in that burg.

3,000,000 Matches a Minute. The civilized nations of the world, it has been computed, strike 3,000,000 matches every minute of the 24 hours.

BLOCK ISLAND

(From our regular correspondent)
Goes Joy Riding at 85

Mrs. Peggy Rose, 88 years of age, one of the oldest residents on the Island and a resident of the West Side, enjoyed her first automobile ride last week. In speaking of her experience Mrs. Rose says she was "all carried away with the pecky thing."

Caleb Allen has opened a new barber shop at the West Side and according to his notice posted in the post office, he deals in shampooing, manicuring, headache massages and Turkish baths. It is suggested that Caleb erect a sign on his roof to read "Life Saving Station."

Mrs. William H. Jones is sojourning for a few weeks at the Shiloh House, Bethlehem, New Hampshire.

New Society Organized

A new organization has taken its place among the fraternal societies of New Shoreham and is to be known as the Moonlight Decorators' Council. The trustees are said to be George Mitchell, Dick Dodge and Norman Olsen. The Council's colors are canary yellow and jet black with a background of steel gray.

Athletic Association Leaves New Quarters

The Board of Directors of the Block Island Athletic Association at a recent meeting voted to lease Mohegan Hall and Assembly rooms for the next year, the lease to begin on September 16th, 1920.

Since last November, when it was started, the Association has enjoyed the hospitality of the K. of C. Naval Club through the courtesy of Secretary and Mrs. Frank J. Ackerman. Mr. and Mrs. Ackerman worked tirelessly for the advancement of the Association and to their credit is due much of the present success attained by the organization, for without their efforts and co-operation there would, undoubtedly, be no Block Island Athletic Association on record today.

Contrary to all expectations the Association flourished to such an extent within the period of the ten months of its existence that it became absolutely necessary to acquire larger quarters, the activities at the Naval Club being limited to 80 people, while the Club's membership nearly hits the 300 mark. According to present plans, market whists will be held every Saturday night in Mohegan Hall, followed by the customary dances and on the first Monday evening of each month the regular business meetings for members only will be held in the Lodge room, after which a supper and special dance will be held.

A well known Newporter suffered the loss of his pocketbook, containing a small sum of money, in Providence a few days ago, pickpockets probably being responsible.

Rev. Charles Percy Christopher, pastor of the Second Baptist Church, has returned from Onset, Mass., where he spent the month of August with his family.

"Picture Brides"

The manner of "picture bride" marriages in California is this: A Japanese sends his picture to his relatives in Japan who select a suitable maiden and in turn forward her photograph to the waiting suitor in America. If satisfactory, the relatives on both sides meet, hold a banquet and the marriage is considered a fact. The wife then joins her husband in this country.

Jazz Records and Song Hits

- A2880—\$1.00
Fee Fi Fo Fum—One Step
Dancing Honeycomb—Fox Trot
 - A2879—\$1.00
Just Another Kiss—Waltz
Ah There—Fox Trot
 - A2883—\$1.00
Mohammed—Fox Trot
Afghanistan—Fox Trot
 - A2895—\$1.00
Bo-La-Bo—Fox Trot
Venetian Moon—Fox Trot
 - A2898—\$1.00
Kid from Madrid—Al Jolson
C-U-B-A—Kaufman
- We ship Records all over the country.

PLUMMER'S MUSIC STORE
NEWPORT, R. I.

Weekly Calendar SEPTEMBER, 1920

STANDARD TIME						
	Sun	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thurs	Fri
1 Sep	5 10 6 15 7 20 8 25 9 30	6 11 7 16 8 21 9 26 10 31	7 12 8 17 9 22 10 27 11 32	8 13 9 18 10 23 11 28 12 33	9 14 10 19 11 24 12 29 1 34	10 15 11 20 12 25 1 30 2 35
2 Sep	6 11 7 16 8 21 9 26 10 31	7 12 8 17 9 22 10 27 11 32	8 13 9 18 10 23 11 28 12 33	9 14 10 19 11 24 12 29 1 34	10 15 11 20 12 25 1 30 2 35	11 16 12 21 1 26 2 31 3 36
3 Sep	7 12 8 17 9 22 10 27 11 32	8 13 9 18 10 23 11 28 12 33	9 14 10 19 11 24 12 29 1 34	10 15 11 20 12 25 1 30 2 35	11 16 12 21 1 26 2 31 3 36	12 17 1 22 2 27 3 32 4 37
4 Sep	8 13 9 18 10 23 11 28 12 33	9 14 10 19 11 24 12 29 1 34	10 15 11 20 12 25 1 30 2 35	11 16 12 21 1 26 2 31 3 36	12 17 1 22 2 27 3 32 4 37	1 18 2 23 3 28 4 33 5 38
5 Sep	9 14 10 19 11 24 12 29 1 34	10 15 11 20 12 25 1 30 2 35	11 16 12 21 1 26 2 31 3 36	12 17 1 22 2 27 3 32 4 37	1 18 2 23 3 28 4 33 5 38	2 19 3 24 4 29 5 34 6 39
6 Sep	10 15 11 20 12 25 1 30 2 35	11 16 12 21 1 26 2 31 3 36	12 17 1 22 2 27 3 32 4 37	1 18 2 23 3 28 4 33 5 38	2 19 3 24 4 29 5 34 6 39	3 20 4 25 5 30 6 35 7 40
7 Sep	11 16 12 21 1 26 2 31 3 36	12 17 1 22 2 27 3 32 4 37	1 18 2 23 3 28 4 33 5 38	2 19 3 24 4 29 5 34 6 39	3 20 4 25 5 30 6 35 7 40	4 21 5 26 6 31 7 36 8 41
8 Sep	12 17 1 22 2 27 3 32 4 37	1 18 2 23 3 28 4 33 5 38	2 19 3 24 4 29 5 34 6 39	3 20 4 25 5 30 6 35 7 40	4 21 5 26 6 31 7 36 8 41	5 22 6 27 7 32 8 37 9 42
9 Sep	1 18 2 23 3 28 4 33 5 38	2 19 3 24 4 29 5 34 6 39	3 20 4 25 5 30 6 35 7 40	4 21 5 26 6 31 7 36 8 41	5 22 6 27 7 32 8 37 9 42	6 23 7 28 8 33 9 38 10 43
10 Sep	2 19 3 24 4 29 5 34 6 39	3 20 4 25 5 30 6 35 7 40	4 21 5 26 6 31 7 36 8 41	5 22 6 27 7 32 8 37 9 42	6 23 7 28 8 33 9 38 10 43	7 24 8 29 9 34 10 39 11 44
11 Sep	3 20 4 25 5 30 6 35 7 40	4 21 5 26 6 31 7 36 8 41	5 22 6 27 7 32 8 37 9 42	6 23 7 28 8 33 9 38 10 43	7 24 8 29 9 34 10 39 11 44	8 25 9 30 10 35 11 40 12 45
12 Sep	4 21 5 26 6 31 7 36 8 41	5 22 6 27 7 32 8 37 9 42	6 23 7 28 8 33 9 38 10 43	7 24 8 29 9 34 10 39 11 44	8 25 9 30 10 35 11 40 12 45	9 26 10 31 11 36 12 41 1 46
13 Sep	5 22 6 27 7 32 8 37 9 42	6 23 7 28 8 33 9 38 10 43	7 24 8 29 9 34 10 39 11 44	8 25 9 30 10 35 11 40 12 45	9 26 10 31 11 36 12 41 1 46	10 27 11 32 12 37 1 42 2 47
14 Sep	6 23 7 28 8 33 9 38 10 43	7 24 8 29 9 34 10 39 11 44	8 25 9 30 10 35 11 40 12 45	9 26 10 31 11 36 12 41 1 46	10 27 11 32 12 37 1 42 2 47	11 28 12 33 1 38 2 43 3 48
15 Sep	7 24 8 29 9 34 10 39 11 44	8 25 9 30 10 35 11 40 12 45	9 26 10 31 11 36 12 41 1 46	10 27 11 32 12 37 1 42 2 47	11 28 12 33 1 38 2 43 3 48	12 29 1 34 2 39 3 44 4 49
16 Sep	8 25 9 30 10 35 11 40 12 45	9 26 10 31 11 36 12 41 1 46	10 27 11 32 12 37 1 42 2 47	11 28 12 33 1 38 2 43 3 48	12 29 1 34 2 39 3 44 4 49	1 30 2 35 3 40 4 45 5 50
17 Sep	9 26 10 31 11 36 12 41 1 46	10 27 11 32 12 37 1 42 2 47	11 28 12 33 1 38 2 43 3 48	12 29 1 34 2 39 3 44 4 49	1 30 2 35 3 40 4 45 5 50	2 31 3 36 4 41 5 46 6 51
18 Sep	10 27 11 32 12 37 1 42 2 47	11 28 12 33 1 38 2 43 3 48	12 29 1 34 2 39 3 44 4 49	1 30 2 35 3 40 4 45 5 50	2 31 3 36 4 41 5 46 6 51	3 32 4 37 5 42 6 47 7 52
19 Sep	11 28 12 33 1 38 2 43 3 48	12 29 1 34 2 39 3 44 4 49	1 30 2 35 3 40 4 45 5 50	2 31 3 36 4 41 5 46 6 51	3 32 4 37 5 42 6 47 7 52	4 33 5 38 6 43 7 48 8 53
20 Sep	12 29 1 34 2 39 3 44 4 49	1 30 2 35 3 40 4 45 5 50	2 31 3 36 4 41 5 46 6 51	3 32 4 37 5 42 6 47 7 52	4 33 5 38 6 43 7 48 8 53	5 34 6 39 7 44 8 49 9 54
21 Sep	1 30 2 35 3 40 4 45 5 50	2 31 3 36 4 41 5 46 6 51	3 32 4 37 5 42 6 47 7 52	4 33 5 38 6 43 7 48 8 53	5 34 6 39 7 44 8 49 9 54	6 35 7 40 8 45 9 50 10 55
22 Sep	2 31 3 36 4 41 5 46 6 51	3 32 4 37 5 42 6 47 7 52	4 33 5 38 6 43 7 48 8 53	5 34 6 39 7 44 8 49 9 54	6 35 7 40 8 45 9 50 10 55	7 36 8 41 9 46 10 51 11 56
23 Sep	3 32 4 37 5 42 6 47 7 52	4 33 5 38 6 43 7 48 8 53	5 34 6 39 7 44 8 49 9 54	6 35 7 40 8 45 9 50 10 55	7 36 8 41 9 46 10 51 11 56	8 37 9 42 10 47 11 52 12 57
24 Sep	4 33 5 38 6 43 7 48 8 53	5 34 6 39 7 44 8 49 9 54	6 35 7 40 8 45 9 50 10 55	7 36 8 41 9 46 10 51 11 56	8 37 9 42 10 47 11 52 12 57	9 38 10 43 11 48 12 53 1 58
25 Sep	5 34 6 39 7 44 8 49 9 54	6 35 7 40 8 45 9 50 10 55	7 36 8 41 9 46 10 51 11 56	8 37 9 42 10 47 11 52 12 57	9 38 10 43 11 48 12 53 1 58	10 39 11 44 12 49 1 54 2 59
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Deaths.

DR. BLANCHE NORTON.

Contracted Trachoma Aff-
er Curing It In Others.

Dr. Blanche Norton of Eldon, Ia., a physician of the American committed for relief in the Near East who distinguished herself at Korassu, Anatolia, by treating the trachomatous eyes of Greek orphans, from whom she contracted the disease. She is being treated at Constantinople and has just been decorated with the Order of King George I. by King Alexander of Greece. This is the first time this decoration has been conferred on a woman.

8 KILLED, 50 HURT IN BELFAST RIOTS

Organized Attempt by Carsonites to Drive Catholics From North-east Ulster, Starts Civil War.

Belfast, Ireland.—Civil war has broken out here. This is no picture-que exaggeration. The near approach of a crisis in the south and west owing to Lord Mayor McSwiney's hunger strike has so engrossed public attention that the terrible conflict raging in the northeast has escaped the notice it deserves.

Already there are homeless and destitute more than 4,000, of whom one-half belong to Belfast and the rest to neighboring towns. Material damage to the value of over \$8,700,000 has been done, of which at least \$2,600,000 is in Belfast. Five thousand engineers and shipwrights have been driven from the Belfast shipyards and thousands of other workers are standing idle. These figures are being added to daily except in the case of the shipyard workers. No further increase is possible in that direction, because not a single Roman Catholic remains to be driven out.

On Queen's Island the purge is complete and there is peace for the moment. In other directions the war on the Catholics is being systematically and ruthlessly pressed. The entire Catholic population of Lisburn and Banbridge, about 1,000 in each case, have been successfully "evacuated"—that is the military term universally employed here—and the Orange army is now dealing, section by section, night by night, with Belfast. Two thousand men, women and children have been evacuated from Ballymacarrett district and an attack upon Catholics of the Crumlin Road district began "according to plan." Eight persons were killed and over 60 wounded, many of the latter being now in hospital in a grave condition.

This is no mere faction fight. There can be no doubt that it is a deliberate and organized attempt, not by any means the first in history, to drive the Catholic Irish out of Northeast Ulster, and the machinery that is being used is very largely the machinery of the Carsonite army of 1914.

WORLD NEWS IN CONDENSED FORM

CHICAGO.—Chairman John T. Mitchell, of the Illinois Merchants' Trust Banking group, who has just returned from a conference with Eastern bankers, predicted an immediate decline in the cost of living. Bankers in the East are confident prices of nearly all staples will soon be forced to a reasonable level, he says.

LONDON.—Major Johnston, justice of the peace, and one of the best known residents of County Donegal, was assassinated at his home by men who fired through a window. The assassins all escaped.

LONDON.—The Russian army has recaptured Grodno and the Poles have been forced to evacuate Bialystok because of pressure on their flanks, according to a Central News dispatch from Koenigsberg.

WILKESBARRE, PA.—A general strike of 175,000 miners of the anthracite coal field will take place unless the Coal Wage Commission appointed by President Wilson makes an immediate grant of a 27 per cent wage increase to the workers or orders a reopening of the differences between the operators and the miners. In case of a strike it will be termed a "vacation."

Miss Anne Stone of the Mount Pleasant Home for Aged Men and Women at Roxbury, Mass., who, at the age of 102 will probably be the oldest woman who will cast a vote at the November elections, will enjoy the satisfaction of being accompanied to the polls at that time by Frank B. Hall, chairman of the Republican state committee.

BOLSHEVIKI MAKE STAND AT GRODNO

Decisive Battle Extending Over a 100-Mile Front to Brest-Litovsk Is Expected.

TROTSKY TAKES COMMAND.

Russian Reds Safely Interned in Prussia Turn Their Guns Against Poles. France Urges Poles to Gain Strategic Advantages.

Paris.—The Bolsheviks are making a desperate stand at Grodno, according to a statement of the foreign ministry here. The statement adds that all available Bolshevik troops are being concentrated at Grodno, and a great battle is expected soon, extending from that place to Brest-Litovsk. [From Grodno to Brest-Litovsk is somewhat more than 100 miles.]

The foreign ministry announced that France had counseled Poland to attain the best strategic military position possible until peace should be signed, regardless of her ethnographical frontier, because the military situation would influence the peace terms. It was added, however, that France had advised Poland to withdraw her armies within the Polish frontier at the signing of peace.

Eighty thousand Russian Soviet soldiers have been captured in Poland, 40,000 killed and 80,000 interned in East Prussia, according to the latest report received from the French mission in Poland.

The Poles continue to advance along the East Prussian frontier. Notwithstanding all their efforts, the Red command has failed to install in the Bolshevik troops enough courage or energy to resist the Poles, who, after a few hours of almost desultory fighting, took possession of the Ososvetz fort, opened a passage across the Bobr marshes and reached the Augustowo Lakes east of the East Prussian frontier, thus gaining command of the whole of the southern side of that frontier as far as Augustowo.

The Reds, driven back on the line of Augustowo-Grodno, are in a good defensive position, on account of the forests and marshes which cover it. Consequently it is difficult for the Poles to attack frontally, owing to the nature of the ground and the fact that the flanks of the enemy rest on the west on the German frontier and on the east on the Nemen River. The Soviet forces are concentrating in this region with the object of stopping the Poles from extending their line eastward. For this purpose the Augustowo-Grodno line constitutes a flank position so highly extolled by the late Karl von Clausewitz, the German master of theoretical warfare.

This danger is not considered a serious one in military circles here, where it is said that to be of any use a flank position must serve as a base for an offensive. The military observers assert that it is hard to see with what success the Soviet force could be formed for a mass maneuver. They say that the Bolsheviks at present have available 30,000 to 40,000 men who escaped from the battle of Warsaw, but that little can be expected from the interior of Russia, where mutinies are already reported among the troops ordered to the front.

Bolshevik batteries stationed on German soil have fired upon Polish troops, says a Polish official communiqué. The text of the statement follows:

On the northern front, in the sectors occupied by the First and Fifth Armies, the situation is unchanged. During the process of cleaning up the territory between Mlawa and Ciechanow, we made 3,000 prisoners—stragglers from remnants of the Bolshevik troops.

Trotsky Assumes Army Command.

Warsaw.—General Tuchatschewski, known as the "Soviet Napoleon," has been relieved of his post as commander in chief of the Bolshevik army on the Polish front because of his failure to take Warsaw, according to information given to the press here. Leon Trotsky, Bolshevik minister of war and marine, has personally taken command of the army, it is reported by Bolshevik officers who have been captured.

THREE KILLED IN AUTO RACE.

Pilot and Mechanic Trapped Under Burning Wreckage.

Santa Rosa, Cal.—The blowing out of a rear tire of a light automobile at the Sonoma county fair resulted in the deaths of two automobile racers, who were trapped and burned underneath their overturned car, and a seventeen-year-old spectator.

The dead are Artie Beattie, pilot; Delbert Walker, mechanic, and Clarence Prege, a spectator. The car swerved into a tree.

SAYS JUDGES AID BOOTLEGGERS.

Wayne B. Wheeler Also Accuses U. S. District Attorneys.

Washington.—Charges that some United States judges and district attorneys are encouraging bootleggers were made by Wayne B. Wheeler, head of the legal department of the Anti-Saloon League. Wheeler said some judges, by imposing small fines on convicted bootleggers, and "displaying an antagonism to the law in the conduct of the cases," have rendered enforcement difficult.

During July, of the year 1, Dry Era, more automobile drivers were arrested and convicted of drunkenness in Massachusetts than in any previous wet or dry month. The automobile license of 100 men were revoked by the registrar as a result of such convictions. The number of convictions has increased steadily since prohibition went into effect.

WILLIAM A. WHITE.

Turning Coal Consumers
Into Oil Burners.

William A. White, the noted English engineer who is supervising the work of converting all the Cunard line steamers into oil burners, photographed on his arrival in New York from Europe on the Aquitania, which made her second voyage as an oil burner. Mr. White made the trip to study the workings of her new engine.

U. S. ACCUSES 114 FIRMS OF TRADE PLOT

Grand Jury Returns Bill Against 39 Big Steamship Companies, 75 Brokerage Concerns.

New York.—One of the most far-reaching indictments ever returned here for alleged combination and conspiracy in restraint of trade was handed up by the Federal grand jury to Judge William B. Sheppard, in the United States District Court for the Southern District of New York.

Thirty-nine steamship companies, including such corporations as the International Mercantile Marine, Atlantic Transport Company, Anchor Line, Cunard Steamship Company, French Line, Furness, Withy & Co., the United Fruit Company and the National Steam Navigation Company of Greece; seventy-five freight forwarding and freight brokerage concerns, and more than 150 individuals, officers or agents of the defendant companies, are named in the indictment.

They are charged with conspiring, through membership either in the Transatlantic Associated Freight Conference, an organization with offices at 60 Pearl Street, or in the Steamship Freight Brokers' Association, to fix both interstate and foreign import and export rates on lumber, coal, oil and grain "and other commodities," in violation of the Sherman law.

No great surprise was manifested in shipping circles over the indictment. Charles C. Burlingame, attorney for the Transatlantic Freight Conference, said that more than a year ago the government asked for the minutes of the conference, with all documents relating to freight brokerage.

The request was complied with, he added, although in accordance with the shipping act of 1916, all minutes and agreements had been transmitted regularly to the Shipping Board at Washington.

Simultaneously with the handing up of the indictment, United States Attorney Francis G. Caffey and Special Assistants Guller and Joyce filed a suit in equity, praying for a permanent injunction against the defendants and asking the dissolution of the Transatlantic Associated Freight Conference, representing the steamship companies, and the Steamship Freight Brokers' Association, which is made up of the defendant forwarding and brokerage companies and their officers and agents.

LATEST EVENTS AT WASHINGTON

Italy has joined France and Poland in giving full endorsement to the policy of the United States in the Russo-Polish situation as set forth in Secretary Colby's note to Premier Giolitti.

President Wilson telegraphed a firm refusal to the anthracite coal miners to accede to their demand that he accept the minority rather than the majority report of the Anthracite Coal Commission and a warning that the people of the country will find means to defeat a strike if the miners decide at their meeting to call one.

Ambassador Shidehara and Secretary Colby conferred on the California question regarding Japanese immigration, on which Governor Stephens of California addressed a memorandum to the State Department.

The national banks of the country had deposits on June 30 last amounting to \$17,155,425,000, which is an increase of \$239,878,000 over May 4, and an increase over June 30, 1919, of \$1,230,556,000, according to a statement made public by the comptroller of the currency. The deposits include \$175,728,000 by the government.

Frederick A. Thompson, aged 92, one of the oldest paper makers in the country, is dead in Westfield, Mass. He was president of the Crane Paper Company here for many years up to his retirement three years ago. He was said to be the first to manufacture the so-called all linen paper and made many improvements in paper manufacture.

U. S. NAVY CREW DEFEATS BRITISH

Victors in Great Olympic Mile and Quarter Race and Clips 4-5 Second Off Previous Time.

ROW 38 STROKE TO WIN.

English Eight Collapses After Finish; Kelly Beats the Henley Regatta Star—Americans Win in Three Races.

Brussels.—The Navy crew representing the United States in the Olympic regatta not only won the world's title, defeating the best eight Great Britain ever had, but set a new world's record of 6 minutes and 5 seconds, four-fifths of a second faster than the distance has ever been rowed before.

About 150 yards from the finish line the midshipmen started a spurt which they sustained until the finish, when they crossed the line a scant half length in front of the English shell. Every man of the British crew collapsed the moment the race was over.

No American crew ever rowed with more power or finer rhythm, and never before has such a high stroke been maintained over a mile and a quarter course. When the race was over every American was fresh enough to give the Englishmen a cheer.

The British had said little before the start, but they were confident they would show up the navy, which had made no secret of the prowess of its men. It should have been an even money betting proposition, but the supporters of the American crew flooded the bookmakers' parlour until the odds became 1 to 5 on America.

The English took the lead at the start, Stroke Horsfall timing 81, with King, of the navy, setting his men at a similar beat. The British veterans forged ahead slowly until at the half-mile mark they had a good half length lead. In this order the boats went to the three-quarters mark, but there the navy jumped to a 30 stroke.

At this stage it began to look as if the Americans had finally met a crew that was more than their match, but never for a moment did the United States rowers lose heart.

When the mile mark was reached the British were still holding their early established lead, but there were signs of trouble in the boat, several of the oarsmen splashing now and then.

The Americans were going along magnificently, every member of the crew in perfect tune, and three hundred yards from the finish stroke King called for "38," and the crew responded, every man getting his back into the new time. The navy began to gain slowly on the British eight, and it was only a case of whether the race would be long enough for them to win.

With a scant 100 yards left the Americans came up on even terms with their opponents, and though the British fought gamely it was clear then that nothing could hold the midshipmen. Inch by inch they slipped past the famous Lendear crew, until they were nearly a half length ahead as they dashed in front of the judges.

The navy's victory was a fitting climax to a day of successes for the United States, only the Pennsylvania barge falling its supporters. We had four entries in the finals, and three won, while the Pennsylvania barge finished second to the Swiss. No other country had more than one winner.

Jack Kelly, of the Vesper Club, Philadelphia, had a double success, winning the double scull race with his cousin, Costello, also of Philadelphia, and winning the singles after a fierce battle with John Beresford Jr., winner of the Diamond Sculls at the Henley regatta.

Kelly's margin of victory was a scant boat length after rowing second for the first mile. Through the last quarter it still seemed either man's race. The American said after the race that it was a harder battle than he had with Hatfield, the New Zealand.

Beresford was in great distress after the event, but Kelly came out only an hour later and with Costello rowed to an easy victory over the French and Italians.



For Baby's Tender Skin Cuticura Talcum Is Ideal

After a bath with Cuticura Soap and hot water, there is nothing more soothing and cooling to delicate little skins than dust with Cuticura Talcum, especially if skin is heated or irritated.

Cuticura Toilet Trio
Consisting of Soap, Ointment and Talcum are indispensable to mothers of the daily toilet in maintaining their puny and skin healthy. By using these delicately made Cuticura products in frequent contact with your baby's skin, you will find that you keep the skin clear, soft and healthy. The Soap, Ointment and Talcum are sold everywhere. Sample each of them at Address post-cards, Cuticura, Medford, Mass. **EXC—Cuticura Soap—Cuticura Talcum.**

BEDS and BEDDING

This is a wonderful opportunity for you to supply your beds and bedding needs for now and hereafter

Fine Brass Beds that ought to be \$25.00
\$18.75

Brass Beds that ought to be \$30.00
\$22.50

Brass Beds that ought to be \$40.00
\$30.00

Pure Silk Floss Mattresses that ought to be \$20.00
\$17.98

SOLID MAHOGANY ROUND TIP TOP TABLES

24 inch top with carved clawfoot base
ought to be \$24.00

\$15.75

Solid Mahogany Mullin Stands ought to be \$15.00
\$11.25

TITUS'

August Clearance Sale

225-229 Thames St., Newport, R. I.

The Savings Bank of Newport

Thames Street

Friday, July 18, 1919

Friday, July 16, 1920

DEPOSITS \$11,255,829.67 \$11,713,488.33

INCREASE = = = = \$457,658.66

IDLE DOLLARS STAND STILL

It is a well known fact that the wages of idleness is demotion. Just so with idle dollars; they stand still and therefore cannot increase.

Give your funds the opportunity of working safely at liberal interest at the Industrial Trust Company.

4 Per Cent Interest Paid on Participation Accounts.

THE INDUSTRIAL TRUST COMPANY

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IF FOR SALE OR TO LEASE

LIST YOUR REAL ESTATE WITH

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1 BROADWAY

REAL ESTATE, INSURANCE AND
AUCTIONEER

EVERY ARTICLE SOLD IS MADE ON THE PREMISES

SIMON KOSCHNY'S SONS

Manufacturing Confectioners

232 1/2 Thames Street

Branch, 16 Broadway

NEWPORT, R. I.

CHOCOLATES A SPECIALTY MARZIPAN CONFECTION.

All Chocolate Goods are made of Walter Baker Chocolate Covering

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CAKES A SPECIALTY

INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETS

All Orders
Promptly
Attended to

CHOICE CANDIES MADE DAILY

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

All Goods
are Pure
Absolutely

Charles M. Cole, PHARMACIST

302 THAMES STREET
Two Doors North of Post Office
NEWPORT, R. I.

WATER

ALL PERSONS desirous of having water introduced into their residences or places of business should make application to the office, Marlborough Street, near Theatre.

Office Hours from 8 a. m. to 3 p. m.

WHY

Average Person's Lungs Are Seldom Filled

Among the first things that we learn from a good singing teacher is that we have been using about one-half or perhaps only one-third of our available lung capacity, leaving the balance untouched. The average person does not know anything about the bottom half of his lungs—he might as well not have any bottom half. If you tell him to take a deep breath, he starts, as usual, to fill his lungs from the top, and his deep breath is no deeper than his shallow one; it merely involves a lot of effort for substantially the same result. The trained singer or athlete, on the other hand, when about to indulge in a deep breath, builds up the mass of air in his lungs more or less like a pyramid. He starts at the bottom and works up; the central and upper regions of his lungs are not inflated until the bottom is blown up to the limit.

A New York singing teacher has invented a little device for recording lung capacity which emphasizes the difference between the right and the wrong ways of obtaining this capacity. Instead of interesting himself in the effects of expansion upon the subject's chest measure, he turns his attention to the waist, and measures the extent to which a filling of the lungs dilates this. More strictly, of course, this little instrument does not measure lung capacity itself but rather the extent to which the full potential lung capacity is being utilized. Try it out yourself; if you did not know it before, you will be surprised to see how greatly you can expand your sub-diaphragm by drawing in all the air you can hold.

WHERE SCIENCE STOPS SHORT

Why It Will Always Be Impossible to Square the Circle With Perfect Accuracy.

To a correspondent who suggests an experimental method of squaring the circle, the editor of the Scientific American replies that the method seems correct, but adds:

"Your results will, however, be no more accurate than your ability to construct squares and circles and to measure lines and angles. This does not go much beyond a ten-thousandth of an inch. This may be quite sufficient for the engineer, but it is not for the mathematician. He demands absolute accuracy. In 1882 it was proved by Lindemann that it was impossible to find the side of a square which was equal to a given circle. If this is so, all the other figures which you construct are equally impossible of exact determination. You cannot make a perfect square or a perfect circle with wood or metals. In everything we make we have to say, 'exact within the limits of measurement.'"

Why Lawyer Swore by Buddha.

Permission to swear by Buddha instead of God and the Holy Apostles was granted by the superior court of Columbia the other day to a young law student of agnostic belief when he took oath of membership in the Argentine bar. He first sought to take the oath "by my country and my honor," but the court informed him that he would be obliged to take a religious oath.

The student, it is related, thereupon went to a library and began a profound study of the world's religions, on which he spent several days. He then returned to the court and informed the learned judges he had found that the Buddhist religion was "the most moral and most complete," and asked permission to take oath upon it.

The judge consulted musty tomes of Argentine law and decided there was nothing to exclude him from taking such an oath.

Why Fads Are a Good Thing.

As Walter Dill Scott suggests, every business youth, on beginning his or her business life, should adopt an avocation, a fad, some outside interest, only less absorbing than his business, and should continuously cultivate it as a foil, a rest, a saving grace to his business. Provided this fad or avocationlike interest be one not too narrow and one not too difficult to follow, the recipe is fundamentally an important one for this age of business hours as well as of personal hygiene in general.—G. N. Dearborn, M. D., in the Scientific American.

Climate and Longevity.

The general death-rate is found to increase with rising temperature and to diminish with a falling thermometer. These conclusions are a result of a study of about 400,000 deaths in New York in connection with the heat waves on the day of the death. The statistics seem to apply to all seasons, as in English or California, as in healthful and standard and it is believed that some day it will be as essential as proper

Five Minute Chats on Our Presidents

By JAMES MORGAN

(Copyright, 1910, by James Morgan.)

A BACHELOR PRESIDENT

1791—April 23, James Buchanan born in Franklin county, Pa.
1815-16—Member of the legislature.
1819—Tragic death of his betrothed, Anne C. Coleman.
1821-31—Member of congress.
1832-34—Minister to Russia.
1834-45—Senator.
1845-49—Secretary of state.
1853-55—Minister to Great Britain.
1856—Democratic nominee for president.

JAMES BUCHANAN was the last president to wrap his neck in a stock, as Monroe was the last to wear knee-breeches—and he was the last of an era. An age passed away as he passed out of the White House. After Buchanan's birth at a Pennsylvania log cabin, his father, who was an Irish immigrant, prospered as a country storekeeper and was able to send his son to college. But the college sent him back as a wild spirit that it could not tame. The pastor of the scandalized family begged and obtained a chance for the wayward youth, who improved it so well that he graduated first in his class. Nevertheless, the still unforgiving faculty denied him the honors of his rank.

This would be but a dull story of law and politics were it not for a single tragic episode which cast a shadow over the whole after life of our bachelor president, the only president to die a bachelor. A young woman, to whom Buchanan was engaged in early manhood, a daughter of the wealthiest family in the county, wrote him a letter of dismissal under the spell of a jealousy which had been aroused by gossip. Pride on both



James Buchanan.

sides kept the two apart until their separation was made irrevocable by her sudden death—probably by suicide. In grief and horror, the young lover wrote to the father of the dead girl, begging the privilege of looking upon her remains and of following them to the grave. But the letter was returned to him unopened.

Four and forty years passed, and Buchanan went to his grave without ever having taken any other woman to his heart. When his executors opened the papers, which the aged ex-president had left in a bank vault, they found among them a little packet of treasured love letters from his sweetheart of long ago. But in accordance with the request written on the outside, those faded mementoes of his only love were burned without breaking the seal on them.

Buchanan was by no means a crabbed old bachelor. He remained always most courteously attentive to women, though with a perfect impartiality. Nor did he keep bachelor's hall. At Wheatland, his country place near Lancaster, Pa., he brought up, from early childhood, the orphaned son of one of his sisters and the orphaned daughter of another, who became, as Miss Harriet Lane, one of the most admired mistresses of the White House.

After Buchanan had risen to top rank at the Pennsylvania bar, with a practice that brought him as much as \$12,000 a year, he entered politics. Starting as a Federalist, he became a Democrat only at the death of the party of his first choice. He was elected to the legislature and to congress; was twice elected to the senate; served as minister to Russia and Great Britain and was secretary of state in Polk's cabinet.

For 20 years an unsuccessful candidate for the presidential nomination, the veteran politician had all but given up hope when at last it came to him unsought in 1850 on his return from a long absence as American minister in London. As he accepted it, he sighed that the honor had been denied him until he was too old to enjoy it, "when all the friends I loved and wanted to reward are dead and all the enemies I hated and had marked for punishment are turned my friends."

Possible Explanation.

Billy, aged six, was unfortunate enough to swallow a nickel and a penny given him for an ice cream cone. Mother, greatly exasperated, said: "Whatever did you put money in your mouth for?" when a quiet little voice belonging to father, the four-year-old remarked: "I think he thought he was a slot machine."

Five Minute Chats on Our Presidents

By JAMES MORGAN

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ADRIFF IN A STORM

1857—March 4, James Buchanan inaugurated 15th president, aged sixty-five.
March 5, Dred Scott decision.
1859—Aug. 5, Completion of Atlantic cable.
Oct. 16, John Brown's raid.
1861—Feb. 4, the Southern Confederacy formed.
March 4, Buchanan retired from the presidency.
1868—June 1, died at Wheatland, Pa., aged seventy-seven.

BECAUSE the drama of history, like that of the theater, must have its heroes and villains, James Buchanan has been painted all black in the opening scene of the Civil war, loaded down with all the weaknesses and sins of his generation and banished forever into the wilderness. Anyone can see now, with the aid of hindsight, what Buchanan should have done, but not what he could have done.

The North itself, in the bewildering winter of 1860-61 was far from agreed that secession could or should be stopped by force. "Let the Union slide," the abolitionists said. "Let the erring brethren go," said Horace Greeley. "Wayward sisters, depart in peace," General Scott would have said to the seceding states.

In common with the politicians of his fast vanishing time Buchanan clung to the idea that freedom rather than slavery was to blame for all the trouble. He had not gone with Douglas and the northern wing of the divided Democrats in the campaign of 1860, but had sided with the southerners and voted for Breckinridge.

When the first state seceded he was already within ten weeks of the end of his term, with a hostile congress in



Harriet Lane.

front of him and behind him a country as irresolute as himself. As he saw the Union falling to pieces he hoped on that it could be patched together again by another old-fashioned compromise. All the while, there were southern members of his cabinet who were staying in Washington only to ship federal war supplies south and to aid in the preparations for destroying the government.

Edwin M. Stanton of Ohio, although himself a Breckinridge Democrat, bluntly warned Buchanan: "You are sleeping on a volcano. The ground is mined all around and under you and ready to explode, and without prompt and energetic action you will be the last president of the United States."

"Mr. Stanton," pleaded the feeble old man, "for God's sake come in and help me."

The first day that Stanton took his seat at Buchanan's cabinet table he told the secretary of war, Floyd of Virginia, that he "ought to be hanged on a gallows higher than Haman's" for having ordered Major Anderson, without the knowledge of the president, to stay in a defenseless old fort at Charleston harbor instead of transferring himself to Fort Sumter, as the major had done in defiance of orders.

Before the middle of January the cabinet was reorganized and Buchanan was surrounded by staunch Union men, who swept him along at a pace which sometimes left him breathless. The new secretary of the treasury, John A. Dix, quietly reported one day that he had sent to New Orleans his now famous message: "If any man attempts to haul down the American flag shoot him on the spot."

"Did you write such a letter as that?" Buchanan exclaimed.

"No," Dix replied, "I telegraphed it."

And Buchanan been a man of iron instead of putty, probably he could have done no good in that chaotic interregnum between the election and inauguration of his successor. If he had taken any step which should have hastened Virginia and Maryland into revolt there would have been no national capital on March 4, 1861. The retiring president would only have made heavier, perhaps impossible, the task which he wearily laid upon a stouter soul when he transferred the presidency to Lincoln and sadly tottered into the shadows.

How Island Got Name.

Antipodes Island, not far from New Zealand, was thus named because it is directly opposite to London.

Reason for the Name.

The name of the first girl who was born in the world was Lulu.

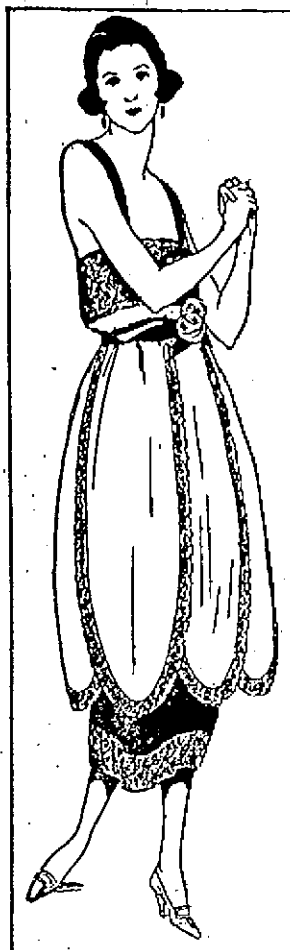
FALL MODES AS SEEN IN PARIS

Skirt and Sleeve Lengths Still Undetermined for the Approaching Season.

CLING TO PRESENT STYLES

Abbreviated Types Likely to Be Retained for Autumn Wear Judging From Fashions Displayed at French Society Affairs.

From Paris, the source of fashion inspiration, there come at this season little tales fitted with significance. They are pertinent signs, observes a Paris fashion correspondent, to be regarded with due attention and all seri-



Evening gown showing manner in which lace is being used; callot putting her own particular stamp upon the design.

ousness if one would know the general fashion tendencies for the season to come.

Now is the psychological moment to think of gowns that will develop by the time cold weather sets in. The original scheme may be changed and joggled, but in that way it becomes perfected and one's wardrobe, instead of being a matter of chance, becomes an individual achievement. That is the way to be really well dressed.

The lessons to be learned from the French women in this respect are numerous. A French woman regards primarily the lines of her own figure, the shape of her own head and the setup of her own personality. A certain line suits her figure. She looks upon that as a fixed point and around it revolves the building of the clothes of a new season. She does not see styles as things in themselves, she sees them only as possible adaptations to herself. And if she finds a new thing that fits in with her ideas of herself she bites at it like a trout at a fly. She never buys a gown solely because it is beautiful. She never allows herself to stay out of the picture long enough to consider the dress as a separate entity, and, what is more, she accomplishes her end with cleverness and thought and usually with great artistic success.

Importance of the Lines.

The general lines are the first to be considered, and all signs point to certain changes in silhouette. For instance, the fullness over the hips is gradually declining. That seems to be a certainty, for all the reports from the English and French races say that the lines of the silhouette are straight and uncompromising. They say the chemise dress is still in favor. For that fact many will give thanks, for this dress has come to be greatly loved. So much can be done with it in the way of variations. It is so vastly becoming to many figures and its possibilities of adaptation are too wonderful to be lightly cast aside. Proof of its desirability lies in the fact that it returns repeatedly to the fore ranks of fashion.

There is a heated discussion going on about the ever-variable length of sleeves and skirts. Last year at this time our skirts in America very nearly touched the ground and clung about the feet. Now they have sprung sky high, and everybody—even those who swore they could not do it—is pleased as can be over the change. Will the short skirt stay with us for another season? French and English society women predicted that skirts would be short, but, as a matter of fact, they did not seem to be one whit longer.

All the photographs which have been sent from the races show skirts that will high touch the line of the knees, for the French women, who were the first to make a change, have worn them much shorter than ours. American women, too, have become used to the more abbreviated skirt lengths, and common sense would lead one to suppose that the skirt would

remain short for the coming season. However, the only fault in that heavy reasoning is that common sense does not always rule the ways of fashion, and for the actual decision one will have to wait until the fall styles have actually been created and imported. All that can be said is that skirts are still short. Not a long one has been seen upon the landscape.

The Sleeve Lengths.

Sleeve lengths are almost as important. In fact, just at this season they are really more important, for sleeves have taken on such a tendency to fluctuate that one scarcely knows what is right and what is wrong about them. Anything goes as long as it is well done, and whether the long sleeve or the short sleeve or the three-quarter sleeve is the most fashionable is a fact that is hard to establish. Many of the latest Parisian reports tell of sleeves which are longer than they have been, but then, Parisian sleeves have always been extremely short—shorter, in fact, than most of ours. They are showing and wearing sleeves of three-quarter length and sleeves that end below the elbow, having there a wide and flowing opening.

There are some very chic new things, too, that show long and lightly fitting sleeves clasping snugly over the hands. They look beautiful, after so great a quantity of abbreviation as has been our portion during the last couple of years. But here, as with the skirts, there is no telling what will be the wild popularity after the fall openings have actually been held and after the winter modes have been launched. Only a change is due, and just how it will come or what form it will take is hard to forecast exactly. At present any length of sleeve is a good length, and there is ample opportunity to adapt the length and the shape of the sleeve to the proportions of the individual arm and figure. In playing with the lengths and the general tightness much that is beautiful can be and has been accomplished this last season. Also much that is execrable has been allowed to live because not enough conscientious thought and attention has been applied to the problem in hand.

Plaits have had a wonderful run of popularity, but upon many of the new models plaits are seen revived in many ways.

Evening Gowns in Paris.

The between-season evening gowns that are being created in Paris, mostly for the Parisian trade, are extremely simple in outline. Many of them, a report says, are made of heavy crepes in solid colors. The skirts are draped and the bodices are made quite simply, with little or no sleeves about them. Since lace is so extremely popular one finds additions of lace on otherwise quite simple frocks—as an edging for an underskirt (this is an extremely good fashion) or as a trifling addition to a bodice. The whole lace gown is certainly popular. It is seen



Between-season creation by Cheruit, illustrating afternoon gown of orange crepe de chine, with embroidery in silver threads.

everywhere, and every day the leading designers are adding new lace frocks to their collections. At the fashionable evening gatherings in Paris many lace frocks are seen, many of them being of black chantilly draped over cream-colored satin. One lace frock was made in chemise fashion and had a train square in shape set on at the shoulders and allowed to sweep over the floor after the gown, which was quite short as to skirt. This was of black lace over white, and the train was also built from the lace laid over the satin.

Peruvian Idea of Dignity.

The mayor of the smallest town in Peru feels that it is incumbent upon him, in order to make the proper display of official dignity, to be accompanied by a band of pipers whenever he appears on any state occasion. These musicians have instruments which consist of a series of reeds struck together and make a weird music.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

HOW

DOCTORS TEST QUALITIES OF WOULD-BE AIR PILOTS.

—Ability to hold the breath as a test of the efficiency of the heart is applied in England to would-be airmen. The Lancet (London) says the breath-holding test enables the physician to obtain a fair idea as to the stability of the central respiratory nervous apparatus of the examinee.

A stop-watch and a nose-cup are all the apparatus required, while the precise instructions as to carrying out the experiment are equally simple. The time the man can hold his breath before the inevitable and forceful sensation of the need to breathe compels him to give way is noted. The average time in the normal fit pilot is 40 seconds, the minimum being 35 seconds. Nearly all cases with a time record as short as this were rejected on medical grounds apart from this test.

Not the least interesting part of the test as applied to airmen is the reply given when the examinee is asked what caused him to give way and breathe in, the normal response being: "I had to give up," or "I wanted to breathe." Under conditions that point to unfitness for pilotage the reply may be: "I felt giddy" or "squeamish" or "flushed," responses which indicate that other nerve centers are involved besides the true bulbar respiratory center.

The combination of minimum time record and abnormal verbal response points to the examinee being one likely to suffer from oxygen hunger at high altitudes, and possibly to an inherent inability, by a strong effort of will, to carry on under conditions of stress.

USE THE WATCH AS COMPASS

How the Timepiece May Be Employed If One Should Lose His Way in the Woods.

What would you do to find your way if you were lost in a forest without a compass?

E. O. Armstrong, sportsman's representative of the Canadian National railway at Coburn, Ont., in the heart of the summer tourist camping and fishing country, asked the question, How would you tell north from south, east from west? Remember that in the summer months the sun does not rise in the east or set in the west. Now, then, would you orientate yourself? It's easy if you know how.

"Lay your watch flat, face upward," said Armstrong, "Point the hour hand at the sun. The south will be at a point half way between the hour hand and the figure 12 as the hands turn in the morning and backward in the afternoon."

So if you go after muskellunge this summer in the Italy lake or Lake of the Woods region, be certain to take your watch with you.—Port Arthur (Ont.) Dispatch.

How to Measure Tree's Growth.

In the New York Botanical garden a new instrument has been attached to a certain maple tree, attracting the attention of passers-by. This is the "dendrograph"—a delicately adjusted machine which will actually register the rate of growth of a tree—slow as that is! A series of blocks of wood are attached firmly to the tree, and above these a metal "collar" which, however, is in contact with the tree at only two points. A needle projects from one of these, the other end of which traces its movements upon a slowly revolving paper "drum." Once a week this paper is replaced by a fresh sheet and the clockwork wound up; otherwise the machine is self-regulating and needs no attention. The growth or expansion of the tree is shown by the needle.

The instrument was devised by Dr. J. T. MacDougal, formerly director of laboratories at the New York Botanical garden, and now director of the botanical research department of the Carnegie Institution of Washington. The dendrograph is one of a number of instruments which are being used this year to measure growth phenomena.—Leslie's Weekly.

How Movies Are Triumphant.

Mexico, we read in current dispatches, has decided to lift the heavy censorship from the movies and to foster the enterprise in every way. There seems to be no stopping the triumphant march of the movie stars. Not long ago we read that Devonshire House, the famous rendezvous of the Whigs in London, had fallen before the cinema. The Alhambra and the Empire, famous music halls, are to go, too. England and the Continent appear to be as wild for the screen as we are here. All doors are opening to it. Not long ago the conservative Vatican sanctioned the picturing of an important religious function. Great are the movies!—Philadelphia Record.

How British Care for Blind.

A bill has been introduced in the British parliament concerning the care and training of blind persons. It provides that it shall be the duty of every local authority to make sufficient and suitable provision for the technical training, employment and maintenance of every blind person over 16 years of age within its jurisdiction.

One man makes a position or an office famous, and after that the office makes his successors famous.—Witchita Beacon.

An Icy Glare.

He—"What makes that fellow glare at me so?" She—"You're sitting on his ice cream."—Yale Record.

